

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

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KING BACCHUS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

King Bacchus grew merry one night over-late,
For friend after friend kept imporing his stay;
Till Time, out of patience, no longer would wait,
So he threw down his sands, and went frowning away.
"Never mind, my old fellow," cried Bacchus; "we'll try
If we can't make these sands into something less dry!"
So he kindled a fire, till the glow and the glare
Seem'd almost too much 'e'en for friendship to bear;
And with compounds, that magic alone might surpass,
He melted Time's sands to a beautiful glass!
And if by the dozen his friends came before,
When he gave them a glass, they flock'd in by the score.
Then Time, who is rarely a man of his word,
The moment this secret of wonder was heard,
Came back for his sands; but gay Bacchus replied,
And laugh'd at old Time till he nearly had died,
"Take them, boy, from this glass!" And ere aught could be said,
Old Time snatch'd the glass from poor Bacchus, and fled!
But Bacchus the noble invention retain'd,
And glass after glass in an ecstasy plann'd;
Whilst Time, the queer rogue, much as usual remain'd,
For instead of red wine he fill'd his with red sand.
Only look at his vintage! his sand-glass sublime!
Ha! ha! let us laugh; let us laugh at old Time.

REMINISCENCES OF A FRENCH PRISON.

BY FLEXIBLE GRUMMET.

JEAN BLACKEMAN, THE PRIVATEER'S MAN.—(Continued.)

After a night of uneasy rest, but heavy sleep, I arose, with the determination of visiting my poor fellows in the jail, but after dressing, I tried to open my chamber door, and discovered that I was on the wrong side of the lock to enjoy freedom of action; the window too was barred with iron, and I was as much in durance as I should have been within the walls of a prison. The comfortable berth certainly made great difference in my situation, and under all circumstances, I had far more reason to be grateful, than cause for repining. Still the thoughts of home would come upon me, and then the prospect of the future was dark and gloomy, especially as it regarded promotion in the Service, and my spirits were sinking under depression, when I heard the noise of the key turning in the wards, and the next half minute, a servant-man entered, with a "Bon matin, Monsieur; I hope you have enjoyed la bon repos."

I repeated his salutation, assured him I had slept soundly, and then observed, "Surely you were not afraid of my running away, that the room is so securely fastened."

He shrugged up his shoulders so as to almost bury his head between them, spread out his hands, and his look spoke, as much as look could, "It is no business of mine." He then walked to a cupboard, and taking out a bottle and glass, the latter of a diminutive size, curiously cut, and which I could have almost sworn to have seen on my grandmother's beaufet, inquired, "Un petit verre d'eau de vie, Monsieur?" I acquiesced, swallowed the brandy, which was excellent, and descended to the breakfast-room, where a good substantial repast was spread and a warm cheering fire glowed on the hearth beneath the chimney. The privateer's man was already there; he passed the usual compliments of a morning's greeting, and we sat down together.

"I wished to have seen how my poor lads got on," remarked I, "but on my trying my bed-room door, I found that—"

"Pardonnez, Monsieur," said he, apologetically, "it was only upon my passing my word to the Mayor, that you were allowed to accompany me."

"And do you suppose I would have repaid your kindness by ingratitude?" inquired I. "You have entirely mistaken my character, if you think so."

"You are over hasty," returned he; "but that which you complain of was part of the conditions into which I entered with the authorities. Your men, Sir, have been well taken care of; for though the chances of war have, through my means, consigned them to where they are, still Jean Blackeman was never known to illuse or to neglect his captives whilst within reach of his assistance. They may not always be so generously treated."

I felt the inutility of quarrelling with, or offending, such a man; besides, he certainly had behaved well to me since our landing, and might be still further serviceable; therefore, I said no more, but it was evident that he considered himself affronted, for he spoke very little during our repast. At its close, I mentioned my wish to see my people.

"Assuredly," answered he; "I have obtained leave that you should do so, and will readily attend you."

Whether this attendance was to be an act of surveillance, or prompted by politeness, I made no inquiry, there possibly was a mixture of both; but hastily taking my hat, and putting on a stout farnought jacket he had given to me, we repaired without delay to the place of confinement, where I found my lads comfortably clothed in stout jackets and trousers, and each with a blanket. They were in an apartment separate from other prisoners, and their jailor, at Blackeman's request, had indulged them with a fire; and though the place, under other circumstances, would have been considered a miserable hole, yet, when contrasted with the wretchedness of the common part of the jail on a bleak winter's day, the wind piercing the frame like arrow-head, and the sharp frost almost freezing the current of existence, it was not to be despised, and taking the privateer's man's hand, I cordially thanked him.

"He has behaved well to us, Muster Grummet," said Miller, "and what we likes him equally well for, he has been good to our officer; we are glad to see you, Sir, at all events."

"Ay—ay," exclaimed Andrews, "that I'll be pounded we are, though I'd rather be looking at you sitting a-straddle one of the mooring-buoys off Jack the Painter's finger-post at Block-house point, than where you are, Sir. However, it's of no use grumbling; here we are in limbo, without much chance of slipping our cables. We had plenty of good warm broth—none of your soup megrims, but rather thick with bully, and as much grog as 'ud keep us comfortably from getting tosicated, except it's owld Miller there," and the rogue laughed.

"Ah, well!" said Miller, "everybody knows as I never took a taut poll upon the jib-purchase without there was a necessity for it, and so there's no use in talking scandal; but I'm glad, Muster Grummet, we have got these here poor onfortunes with us," (the men of the Baltic trader); "and right thankful they are to you, Sir, for speaking in their behalf, and to you too, Sir," turning to Blackeman, "for your hoomanity, seeing as you were not bound by the articles of war to anything of the sort."

Conscience smote me, for in the gratification of my mind at enjoying so much better treatment than I or my people had any right to expect, I had wholly forgotten our fellow-prisoners captured by the privateer, and I felt a flush come over my cheeks with shame at my selfishness and neglect. Blackeman said nothing, but he gave me a look of peculiar meaning—a regular stage-expression of countenance, as much as to say, "You are deeper in the debt of obligation than you calculated for." I did not, however, impute this extent of generosity wholly to the privateer's man's voluntary benevolence, but rather conjectured that the improved condition of the merchant seamen was owing to the interference of their master and mate, but I was mistaken; they had been enabled (by what mode I cannot tell) to secrete some money, and by paying the jailor well, were accommodated in a room by themselves, caring no more for the crew than if they had been so many dogs, and not even sending them the smallest particle of food. The men expressed their gratitude in rough but earnest terms, and hoped I would take them under my charge in future, whilst they consigned their own superiors to the hottest place they could then think of.

"You deserves it all," said Miller, "aye, every bit on it, I tell you. I have no doubt but you skulked away from serving your king and country, that you might get a few more pounds in wages; but you loses in malt what you gains in meal, and I'll overhaul the log of the thing. You signs articles—all well and good—and if so be as you makes the voyage, why then you gets your pay at the rate of five or six pounds a month, which the rascally crimp grabs howld on till it's gone, and then he ships you off, and if you hang astern, threatens you with the press-gang; and so off you starts, slaving for them voracious sharks, and the masters and mates don't care a tinker's d—n for you, any more than the work they can get out on you, and just to kiver their insurance. Arn't that it, Andrews?"

"To be sure it is," responded Andrews; "and they're looked upon as no better than Tommy-toms, and no soft Tommy eather, for there's harder usage in many a merchantman, than ever I had in a man-of-war, as long as I did my duty."

"We may learn something everywhere," whispered Blackeman to me, and then added,—

"Sermons in trees and tongues in running brooks."

But let us listen to the argument.

"Yet," continued Miller, taking up the thread, "some on you overhauls all sorts of bedevilment again the Service, and blows up a sort of a kind of a what they calls a lie-bellows breeze, and false enough it is. Now, it stands to reason that a lubber's a lubber, and all the good treatment in the world, nor all the cats in the world, would make anything on him but a lubber, and if he gets a cuff or two to freshen his way and make him look smart, why it stands to reason it's his due."

"Mais, mon ami," said Blackeman, "that would not be just or correct to punish a man for that which he cannot help—it is contrary to nature."

"Natur be d—d," vociferated old Miller, somewhat rudely, and then apologized; "I ax your pardon, Muster Blackeman—how you got that unfair name it is not for me to say, nor is it any consarn o' mine—but seeing as you've done the needful by us, why, in all due respect, I axes your pardon in regard of my not being a little more harmonized, though, for the matter o' that, it arn't exactly ship ship to expect an owld seaman to be book-larn'd ahead of his catechiz; but still I axes your pardon in honest civility, though I appeals to yourself, as well as to my officer here, whether, if so be a lubber has got anything to do with Natur under any rig or spread of canvass whatsoever, and being out of Natur, what has Natur got to do with him?"

"A convenient conclusion, if not a wise one," said Blackeman, in a theatrical "aside," to me, and then, in an under tone, he apostrophized the veteran in the language of Shakspeare, in his Coriolanus,—

"Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command on't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel."

And then continued, in a louder voice, "But come, my friend, what advocacy were you going to advance as to the superiority of a ship-of-war?"

Only the few last words were comprehended by Miller, who responded, "Well, I'm bessed if that arn't a rum question, any how—as if all nations didn't know that the British Navy could bang everything afloat."

"I mes," said Blackeman, smiling, "the superiority as compared with you own merchant service."

"Why, Muster Blackeman,—why, here it is, right slap afore your eyes,"

answered the veteran, pointing to the men of the Baltic trader with a flourish of the hand that he might have caught from the privateer's man himself; "hockular druminstation—look for yourself."

"Argued like a Philadelphia lawyer," chuckled Andrews, as he rubbed his hands together with delight; "that's the true jomentry of the thing, owid boy, and they spoilt a devilish good big-wig when they made you a quarter-master."

"I hopes you understand me, gentlemen, in regard o' the 'sponsibilities,'" said Miller, smoothing his silver locks over his forehead. "Here's these here poor devils as signed articles and made all scamping shifts to keep clear of a man-of-war, get captured; the articles they signed are at an end, and now they have no one to speak a good word for them—anybody may dowse 'em, like a widow's pig; but here, though we are prisoners, there's our officer to stand up for us, and who will never desert us, let it blow high or low, whilst the King, God bless him, gives us an allowance. Their articles are smashed, our tie remains unbroken to the last, and then we gets Greenwich for a full doe."

I left my poor fellows cheerful and tolerably comfortable, and accompanied Blackeman to various parts of the town, which enabled me to gain some knowledge of its locality, and after dinner, he renewed the narrative of his former adventures as follows:—

"Let me see—I think I left off last evening with my landing on the pier of this place, after a long runaway absence. Was it not so?"

"It was," answered I; "you had come over in a smuggling lugger from the beach at Walmer."

"Right, right," said he, "I remember it now. Well, Monsieur, I was of course much changed in appearance and manners, and there was but small probability of any one recognizing me. Still I was earnestly desirous of ascertaining whether my parents were yet in existence, and under what circumstances. To effect this purpose, I walked towards the dwelling they had occupied, but it was untenanted, and no one could give me further information than that they had a few months previously suddenly quitted the place, and gone no one knew whither; dark hints were given of horrible proceedings connected with them; no one uttered a word in their praise; and, under such circumstances, it was not likely that I should make myself known. I had a little money, and, whilst it lasted, I amused myself by travelling along the coast. It so happened, that one day, I went to look at a beautiful lugger that was building, and nearly completed, at Boulogne, for, as cash began to run low, I purposed entering for some quick-sailing privateer, that I might have a chance of recruiting my stock. She was certainly very admirable in her construction, and a more perfect model I have never seen. Whilst examining her structure, I was struck with the features of one of the workmen, who was gazing rather earnestly at me, and though many years had intervened since we had seen each other, yet the throbbing and impulse of the heart told me it was my younger brother; I spoke to him, and the next minute we embraced."

"I had now something to bind me to society; for after all, nature loves to link itself with kindred; but I dreaded to question him on the subject of our parents, particularly as on my mentioning them, he shook his head, and remained silent. I continued with my brother till the vessel was launched; but peace came, the privateer was not wanted, and we were both out of employ. Jacques had saved a little money, and I proposed a trip to England; for I honestly confess that, amidst my vagaries and wanderings, my heart still clung to that fair girl at Walmer, and I longed to see her once more. But Jacques had resolved on going to Paris, and sharing his money with me, we parted. I got a passage across the Channel to Dover and proceeded from thence to the spot where I had found hospitality and shelter: the cottage was there, but its former tenants were gone. I learned from a neighbour that Mrs. S— was dead, and her daughter had been conveyed away by a relation to some place in the north of England. Old Jack, it was believed, had become an inmate of Greenwich Hospital. Disappointment frequently whets the desire to keener pursuit; I therefore walked up to Greenwich, where I found the veteran seaman in that establishment, which does honour to your country, Monsieur—it is indeed an admirable institution. But though I discovered my old acquaintance, he either could not or would not—I rather suspect the latter—tell me where Miss Clara was residing; and though I earnestly importuned him, he never swerved in maintaining his ignorance of her whereabouts. The old boy was communicative enough on every other subject, but I was compelled to leave him with no more information than when I paid the visit."

"I remained two years in England, in various occupations; but principally in coasters on the northern part of your island hoping to obtain some knowledge of Clara S—. I had also another object—that of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the pilotage into your ports and harbours, as, in case of a renewal of war, my services in that capacity might obtain me the command of a privateer. I had regularly corresponded with my brother, who revealed to me the prospect of an entire revolution in France, and urged me to join him in Paris without delay, to chance my fortune with the rest. I had accomplished one part of my plan, though I could not the other; and therefore quitted your country, Monsieur, to join in the commotions and intrigues that were occurring in the metropolis of my own. I found my brother deeply engaged in the progress of events, as a member of one of the revolutionary clubs. He was going on with success in his trade as a carpenter, and wanted for nothing. But famine and disease began to spread through that vast city, and the dead bodies were exposed to public gaze, in order to incite the people to mischief. Mobs traversed the streets, perpetrating outrage, and threatening the life of the King. The royalists were not idle on their part, and frequent skirmishes took place between the populace on the one side and the other. In a contest of this kind I assisted to carry an aged man, who had been severely wounded, into a low wine-house near the spot; and as it promised security, I remained with him. He was stretched on a bed in a gloomy dungeon-like room that was scarcely illuminated by a ray of light from a narrow window. No surgeon could be procured to attend to him, and without aid it was impossible that he could survive. His wound was a musket-ball in the breast, and he was bleeding inwardly. At first he was extremely taciturn and reserved, but at length his mental faculties became confused and disordered, and he raved of matters, some of which were but too familiar with my early experience; he muttered of murder and of bloodshed, and at intervals would shriek as if a host of demons were trying to tear him away to punishment. I knew the voice, too, but tried to dissuade myself that I was under error, till he spoke of my mother, called his children by name, and then I could no longer continue to deceive myself—Monsieur, it was my father!"

Blackeman, I am convinced, was possessed of an extremely romantic and vivid imagination, and no doubt at that moment the scene was repassing before his mental vision. He covered his face with his hands, groaned heavily, and remained silent for more than a minute; then suddenly and hastily drinking some brandy, his face resumed its accustomed placidity, and he went on.

"Monsieur will, I am sure, pardon this short interval that painful retrospection has engrossed—we cannot at all times control our feelings; but it has passed. Yes, my friend, the unhappy and dying old man before me was my father. I addressed him soothingly, and mentioned circumstances connected with Dunkirk and my childhood's years; but this only served to awaken fearful recollections—his ravings were horrible to hear—his language revealing many a dreadful crime. I sent for my brother, who hastily arrived; but he knew neither of us. A surgeon came to him, but in a short time he drew his last convulsive breath, and expired. We had him decently interred, but where he had been concealed, or what had become of my mother, we never knew from that hour to this. The extreme distress in Paris drove us back to Dunkirk, where I obtained an engagement at the theatre, and for several months we lived in a quiet not exactly suited to my ardent wishes. The execution of the King opened a fresh field; our naval ports and arsenals commenced active operations. Jacques was sent to Brest to assist in repairing the ships of the line; and war being declared with England, I at once joined a privateer, in which I soon became First Lieutenant. But I could not brook the wary and, I may say, almost dastardly conduct of the Captain, who was afraid to run any risk, and we picked up scarcely anything beyond the expenses we incurred."

"Amongst our prizes was an old sloop, barely seaworthy, and fit for little more than to be broke up for the sale of the timber. I wrote to my brother to purchase her as she laid; but he recommended me to get some other person to make an offer, and when bought, he would come and patch her up for a cruise or two. I mentioned it to an old associate, who had money, and he got her for two thousand five hundred francs—somewhere about one hundred guineas of your money—and we became partners. Jacques joined us, and took another share, and in the course of a fortnight the venerable craft was manned and ready for sea. She was about sixty tons' burthen, and my crew were a set of desperate fellows—the refuse of all nations. But we made no alteration in the rig or the appearance whatever, and having obtained a commission, I made my first essay as Captain of a privateer carrying four 4 pounders, and one long twelve, with no less than fifty men. The sloop could sail no more than a washing-tub, and I really believe that a strong gale would have scattered her in small bits; but I placed confidence in the knowledge I had acquired, and stretching into the track of the Baltic-men by day, and running close in between the Spurn Head and Whitby at night, made sure of getting something. My first feat was performed in open day, about a week after I quitted port; for finding myself one morning, a little before daybreak, caught in a calm, I was of course compelled to wait for the mandate of King Breeze before I could get out of the way. When the light came, I saw, about three cables' length distant from me on my starboard-quarter, a large cutter-rigged vessel, which I well scanned through my glass and pronounced to be a Herwick smack. Some three miles astern of us was an English gun-brig, and there were also several colliers in sight. We were in shore of the whole. Soon after sunrise a pleasant breeze sprang up—the gun-brig under easy sail hauled to the wind and leisurely jogged in for the land—we edged off gradually so as to get more in the course of the smack that was fast coming up with us."

"Not the slightest suspicion appeared to be entertained of the character of the sloop—the smacksmen were washing their decks, and two or three passengers had come up to enjoy the freshness of the morning. In a short time the two vessels were within a few fathoms of each other, and I felt it to be a most critical moment. I had lashed empty casks along my water ways and spread tarpaulins to conceal the guns, a couple of men well armed to each. All the after part too was covered with old sails, as if for the protection of goods beneath them from the weather, but, in reality, hiding some of the most determined of my crew. My heart fluttered a good deal, Monsieur, when I heard a voice from the smack hailing—

"Starboard your helm there, or we shall be aboard of you. Starboard! are you fast asleep?"

"I threw up my hand in answer to the hail, but instead of putting the helm a starboard I clapped it hard a-port, and the next instant we were across the smack's bows, and forty men pouring upon her decks. But, although thus taken by surprise, the courage of your countrymen, Sir, did not flinch—every one caught up whatever weapon they could in defence, and those below hearing the noise instantly ran up—for a minute or two we were driven back, but, with some difficulty, my fellows were induced to renew the attack, and after a severe and sanguinary struggle the English were forced to yield to the superiority of numbers, and the smack surrendered. The contest had, however, lasted some time, and the firing and smoke had alarmed the colliers, who, by letting fly their torgeant-sheets, and hauling in shore, gave signal to the gun-brig of an enemy, and in a very brief interval she bore up, crowded with canvass, towards us. But I was too well acquainted with the capabilities of my prize to entertain any apprehensions of the brig, especially as the breeze was freshening; and, therefore, totally abandoning my old sloop, I shaped my course in the smack for the opposite coast; the gun-brig did the same, but we speedily out-sailed her, and ran her hull down upon our lee quarter as evening advanced. The succeeding morning we were snugly moored in harbour."

"There were many of my townsmen who had ridiculed the idea of capturing anything in the sloop, and numbers prophesied that she would become our coffin; but when they learned our success, universal congratulations were given, and every praise bestowed upon our exertions."

"I should have told you, however, that after getting possession, I found two of my lads killed, and about fifteen wounded and contused. The smack had only one killed, but the number of wounded was greater; she had a crew of fourteen men, and thirteen passengers, and not one escaped without being severely hurt. Some of the passengers were wealthy merchants, who made large offers for the boat if I would suffer them to depart; but this I could not accede to, though, on landing, I procured them a house to reside in, that they might not be sent to prison, and three or four contrived to escape, through the aid of our fishermen."

"My prize turned out to be a most excellent one, the cargo being worth not less than five thousand guineas of your country money, and on condemnation was soon disposed of, which put us into an excellent supply of ready cash. Our exploit set every one in Dunkirk upon the *qui vive*, and every kind of rattle-trap craft was put in requisition to make similar attempts—nearly the whole of them were captured or perished at sea. It is a difficult affair, Monsieur, to deceive a second time, especially so soon after the first. We would not sell the smack, but giving her a slight alteration in paint, in a few days were commissioned, manned, and victualled, and once more at sea. My wealth grew fast and furious upon me, for in the course of a few months I had taken no less than two laden colliers, a coasting trader, and brig homeward bound from the Baltic. But we had now work enough to do at home, for your Duke of York besieged our town, and I was entrusted with the command of the gun-boats. I need not tell you of the results of that siege, nor shall I make any comments upon it to

wound your national pride; it was a badly managed affair on the part of your Government, and betrayed another want of promptitude in the Allies. However, as soon as it was raised, I was off on another cruise to the neighbourhood of Flamborough Head, where two other prizes rewarded my watchfulness, and my brother commenced building a handsome fast-sailing brig for my future command, and I resolved to remain on shore till she was finished; but some smugglers advising me that a fleet was expected from the Baltic, I sent out the privateer under another commander, and never saw her again; she was taken by one of your frigates, having, contrary to my orders, stood over to the back of the Goodwin Sands, instead of proceeding to my old station.

"I was much mortified at the loss of my vessel, Monsieur, but more so that my gallant crew should be in captivity; for it was no easy matter to procure seamen, the demand for them being so great for our fleets. However, I contrived to get about forty together, and sailed in a cutter of only two-and-thirty tons, and two guns, to try and recover my loss,—at least in value,—without much risk. Once more I was on my old cruising-ground, and had taken a coaster, when a large vessel hove in sight, which, from the squareness of her yards, I concluded to be a sloop of war or a small frigate. To have attempted running away would have been worse than useless, as it was calculated to attract her attention, and bring her down immediately upon us. I therefore stood on for the English coast, under a hope that she might take us for a fisherman, (as I had a tanned mainsail,) and pass us by unheeded. But fate decreed it otherwise, for, as she approached, the report of her bow-gun came booming over the waters, and she displayed a union-jack at her foretop-gallant-masthead, as a signal for a pilot. I paid no respect to it, but continued on my way, apparently totally unconcerned, but in a few minutes the gun was repeated, and this time with a shot, that fell so close it threw the water on board of us. This was a hint that could not be mistaken, but still wishing to let her get past, so that I should have the wind of her, if not the heels, I merely hoisted English colours, as if that alone had been the purpose of her inquiry; but the next minute a shot went through our mainsail, as she hauled in towards us. My plans were instantly arranged; I tacked the cutter to join him, and whilst reaching out ordered them to have the boat ready for launching, in order to put me on board the sloop-of-war. My men stared, but I told them to obey, and take no heed of me, and then directed my chief officer to follow the sloop at some distance astern, dropping her as he could, and when we were sufficiently ahead, to make sail for Dunkirk.

"In a very short time we were lying-to under the lee of the Dasher ship sloop, and two men in my little punt pulled me alongside, and I ascended to the quarter-deck, where, as I expected, I found a peppery genius of a Commander, who, in a strong Irish brogue, demanded, with sundry embellishments, 'Why I had not more promptly obeyed his signal?'

"I had often observed that violent tempers are frequently best curbed by giving them a little of their own sauce, and in this instance I was not mistaken in my mind, when I answered,

"'Because I had my duty to my owners to mind, and to get into port as quick as I could for the sale of my fish.'

"'You are no fisherman,' exclaimed a Lieutenant by the side of his Commander, 'you haven't a yarn or a spar of fishing-gear upon your decks.'

"I saw in a moment the awkward predicament in which I was placed; but a ready invention came quickly to my aid. 'Did you ever know buyers to carry fishing-gear?' answered I somewhat contemptuously.

"'By the sowl of me, Mistor Jones, but he has you there,' said the Captain with a grin; 'don't bother the man wid your questions;' and then, turning to me, he asked, 'Can you carry me into the Downs?'

"'Certainly I can,' I replied readily; 'but it's a long way from here, and ought to be well paid for.'

"'There's his Majesty's pay, Sir, if you'll take charge,' returned he proudly; 'but,' and he looked good humouredly, 'I will give you five guineas if you get in to-night.'

"'It is impossible,' urged I, 'but I will try and do my best, and no man can do more.'

"'I have despatches of importance on board,' said he, 'aye, of the greatest importance, and must —'

"'Land 'em at Yarmouth, as the nearest port,' I remarked; 'you can have a chaise and four, and rattle off up the road, so as to be near London by the time you would reach the Downs.'

"'I never thought of that,' responded he. 'Make sail, Mistor Jones; and, Pilot, carry me into Yarmouth Roads.'

"I promised compliance; and, as the breeze was fair, made a good run.

"'Your cutter is leaving you behind,' said the Commander; 'I thought she would have kept us company.'

"I looked round, and beheld the pretty little vessel a long distance astern, and perfectly safe as far as the Dasher was concerned, which I began to think was not exactly the case with myself.

"'She does not sail so well as your ship,' replied I, 'but she will not be long after us. I must join her overland, and that will be expensive work for a poor man.'

"'There's the five guineas,' returned he; 'and if that won't do I'll double it: for sure it's posted I'll be if I've any luck.'

"A more undisciplined crew, Monsieur, it has seldom been my lot to see, even in a privateer,—there was nothing but noise and confusion. The Commander was not more than twenty years of age, but, being the son of an Earl, had gained his rank through interest. He had been but little at sea, was wholly destitute of experience in either navigation or seamanship, and suffered the men to do just as they liked, that he might thwart and annoy his First Lieutenant, Mr. Jones, a man about fifty, who had served nearly all his life in the Navy, according to the old school, and who had been appointed for the purpose of acting as 'nurse' to his young Captain; and, assuredly, a more intractable baby no ancient dame need have wished for. He was very wealthy, and lavishly generous to his people, who were chiefly his own countrymen,—but when a fit of passion was on him he did not spare the cats. These things I learned from an old acquaintance,—a German, who had sailed with me,—and you may guess how ticklish I felt at the sight of him. I had taken my station on the fore-castle, and was looking out from the starboard cat-head, to every eye apparently unconcerned, but in reality contemplating the dilemma in which I was involved, and the probability that, if detected, I should be hanged as a spy. It was no pleasing sensation I assure you; nor was my embarrassment lessened when I observed an enormously large pair of grey eyes staring intently at my face, and the next instant recognized an old shipmate who had been with me (in the smack we captured) privateering, and when retaken (as already related), during my absence from command, had entered for the English Navy. A smile passed over his hard features, and he winked one of his monstrous eyes, as much as to say, 'I know you,'—an acknowledgment that was by no means

flattering to a man with the vision of a hangman's noose before him. In fact, I deemed my fate already sealed, and that my thread of life and a piece of two-inch would be cut within an hour's interval of each other. But he took no further immediate notice, and I seized the earliest opportunity of speaking to him, and found that I was entirely in his power, as he well remembered the cutter.

"'I trust you will not betray me, Hermann,' said I, in an under tone, 'it can do you no good, and —'

"'Nein,' replied he, 'I schall keep mine counsel. If I had not ben your friend, we could have taken your vessel as well as yourself.'

"This was true, and it gave me better confidence in him, especially as I had always treated him well; but there was a motive which the sturdy and calculating German cherished, and which proved my greater security,—he liked my service, with its wages and emoluments. I had promised to make him boat-swain of the new brig when she was finished, and he cherished the hope of quitting an English man-of-war, and returning to Dunkirk, where, phlegmatic as he was, he had formed an attachment to a female, to whom he was to have been married. All these things operated as so many pledges in favour of concealment, yet it was no desirable position to be placed in, and you may believe that I wished myself well out of it, especially as I frequently perceived the gimlet-eye of Mr. Jones endeavouring to bore holes into my real occupation and character; for nothing could be more plain than that he entertained strong suspicions, and he actually questioned the German touching his knowledge of me; but Hermann affected ignorance, and it passed off without further comment,—though I felt convinced that if the First Lieutenant could detain me on board after the Captain's departure he would not easily part with me.

"Under favour of the breeze we got into Yarmouth Roads, and the anchor was no sooner let go than the boat was hoisted out, the despatches put into her, and the Captain prepared to go over the side. I requested permission to accompany him, stating my anxiety to be back to my vessel again, for which purpose I had to make a quick journey to London, where she was bound to. At first he hesitated, and apprehensions of a tragical end came over my spirit. He stood for a minute or two lingering at the gangway, and I pressed my petition; but I really think he would have left me behind had not Mr. Jones advanced towards him and said,

"'We cannot well spare the services of the pilot, Sir, till the ship is moored.'

"'Moor her yourself, Sir,' returned the young chief; 'jump into the boat, Pilot, and I'll be down in an instant.'

"I wanted no second bidding,—my certificate was already in my pocket,—and when we landed the Honourable Captain — paid me the promised ten guineas, without which I should have been penniless; for, though I had some French money in the cutter I divested myself of it before quitting her for the sloop-of-war. I was again free, and was bidding farewell to the Captain, when he exclaimed,

"'Is it to London you are going, Pilot?'

"I assured him that it was.

"'You'll not walk, I suppose?' said he.

"I told him 'No; but that I should have to wait for the night coach, which would detain me longer than I could afford.'

"'You shall go with me and the despatches,' he rejoined; 'you'll not mind that, I suppose?'

"I cordially thanked him, and we walked up from the jetty to the principal inn. A fine handsome portly dame occupied the bar, and the moment I saw her the features were familiar to me, and when she spoke I was at once satisfied that the girl I had almost worshipped,—Clara S—, the daughter of my kind protectress at Walmer, stood before me, whilst a young handmaiden, with an infant in her arms, sat by the side of a cradle near the fire. 'Could this be hers?' I asked myself. She promptly answered me; for the child beginning to cry, she turned from us, and taking it from the servant, prepared to give it a mother's nourishment. 'She is married, then,' thought I; 'found and lost again in the same moment. It will be best not to reveal myself.' Nor did I, Monsieur. The chaise and four drove up to the entrance, I was posted in the front, and away we dashed for a night's travelling to the metropolis of Angletorre, where we arrived early the following morning, without its having cost me a single sous. Here I changed my dress, and through the means of an agent got money for my certificate, took lodgings near the city, went every day upon Change, and contrived to pick up a good deal of information, which I purposed turning to fruitful advantage when I again reached my native place. After a fortnight's stay I went down upon the coast, and being pretty well known to some Folkestone adventurers I went to that town, and obtained a passage across the Channel in one of their boats; and fitting out a new lugger, derived considerable wealth through my pleasant excursion to your country. Hermann joined me about four months afterwards, and told me of the rage of Mr. Jones at my not being detained; but whether he had fathomed my real circumstances, or only wished to keep me, as seamen were rather scarce, he could not say. My cruises have been pretty successful since. I have made up my mind not to fight when I can possibly avoid it; but your obstinate defence broke through my general rule, and I was resolved not to lose my prize a second time. My brig has been ready for some time; but while my lugger continues fortunate I shall go to sea in her. Thus, Monsieur, I have told you some portion of my history, and you may be sure that the remainder has not been destitute of stirring incident and hair-breadth escapes, which, as probably you will not leave me for several days, I will relate as they occur to my mind."

But this did not then take place, as an order arrived on the following day to march the prisoners into the interior; and there was no alternative but to obey.

MAJOR LYNCH'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AMONG THE GHILZIES IN 1839-40.

PART. IV.

26th. Meerza Ahmud Khan, the newly-appointed collector of the Candahar revenues, arrived in my camp to-day, called upon me. He states that the Ghilzies behaved well to him, but that they complained much of the seizure of their friends. He appears a well-informed man, and, doubtless, will be liked at Candahar; he succeeds an individual who has been justly removed, for having practised every species of roguery and extortion on the poor people—his name is Mahomed Tuckee, a wealthy member of the Shea sect of Islam, and as such a religious enemy of every Affghan; he has been overbearing to a degree in all his dealings with the Dooranee khans, and they have now succeeded in getting the king to remove him; and doubtless, on his reaching court, his ill-gotten treasures will, in the Affghan fashion, be squeezed out of him; his father followed the same course that has now brought vengeance on the son; and, as the Affghan law was, at that time, in full force, unchecked by English humanity, he was put to death by his enemies, who had purchased him from the governor, and his body hung up in the Charsoo of Candahar. The

son may thank his good fortune in having us in the country, or he most assuredly would now, in his disgrace, find such a host of enemies let loose on him, as would hang his body on the same peg his father was suspended from some years since—but our interference at court, in the cause of humanity, and a sum of money, will no doubt, save him from such an ignominious death. The peasants and large agriculturists, both of this country and Persia, suffer to an enormous extent, from the effects of a revenue system, which allows a man like Mahomed Tuckee to go to the king, when he knows he is in want of money, to carry on some war or other, and purchase the revenue of a district, for one or two years. On the purchaser giving ready money, possibly equal to half the amount of the whole of the revenue, the bargain is made, and the necessary documents drawn out; empowering the newly appointed collector, armed with a grand title, to collect the revenue, and directing the executive to assist him with troops, if necessary. To elucidate the dangerous consequences to the tranquillity of the country, (particularly, when supported, or rather countenanced by us, to a certain extent, by our presence in this country,) of such a system, I shall relate a circumstance which recently took place in the neighbourhood of Candahar—when, in seeking to enforce the collection of the revenue, Mahomed Tuckee had to fight a battle with the peasants, who thrashed him well, and took his guns from him.

The Dooranees to the westward of the river Helmund, having proved rather refractory of late, and moreover, having refused to submit to Mahomed Tuckee's extortions, he applied to the prince for a force to assist him in collecting the revenue—an attempt was made to procure the co-operation of our troops, but without success, it being decided that they shall not be employed to assist in collecting revenues. Mahomed Tuckee thought he could do without them, and assembling a mob of Kuzelbashes, (Persians,) he proceeded with two guns into the district of the refractory Afghans. The affair now assumed the character of a religious war, and the Afghan priests headed the people—both parties met in the field, and after a hardly-contested battle, in which the combatants fought with all the daring courage of religious fanaticism, the collector's army was routed, with considerable loss, and his favourite son fell in the engagement. It now became necessary, in a political point of view, to punish the unfortunate peasants, and consequently a body of our troops was sent to meet and disperse them; and so flushed were they with the victory they had gained over the collector's forces, that they met our troops, and after a desperate fight were defeated, but not till five hundred of their men lay dead on the field. It is truly melancholy to think that we should be thus forced into collision with the tribes, and how far we are in common justice to our own interests, authorized in remaining in this country, and supporting with the presence of our troops, the tyrannical system of government which exists in it, is a question worthy of serious consideration.

27th. Mahomed Tuckee arrived in my camp, and called on me. He is on his way to court, to answer for all his misdeeds, and appears anxious to know from me what kind of a reception he will meet with. I gave him a few horsemen to escort him through my district, and dismissed him.

29th. Received a letter, reporting the death of Wooloo Khan, who figured rather conspicuously in the commencement of this journal: he never recovered the effects of his imprisonment in the fortress of Ghuznee. He will be a great loss to me at the present time.

30th. Agreeable to my wish, Sultan Mahomed Khan, accompanied by all his brothers, and about two hundred horsemen, arrived in my camp. He sent me no notice of his intention to visit me, so that when the body of horse were seen by my men approaching, they all got under arms. Meerulum Khan came running into my tent, with the Siad, in a desperate state of alarm. I told them there was no use in being afraid, and that if the approaching party were bent on mischief, all we could do was, to be on our guard, and prepared for them. The khan immediately got his dagger ready for action, and stuck it carelessly in the folds of the shawl twisted round his waist. I placed my double-barrelled gun, loaded with ball, under the counterpane of my bed, the foot of which was on the right of my chair; on the back of the chair hung my sword, and on the table, immediately on my left, lay my double-barrelled pistol. The Siad had orders to keep his eye fixed on Sultan Mahomed, and if he saw him draw his sword, or dagger, to alarm the people outside the tent, who were all in readiness to act at a moment's warning. When the cavalcade reached my camp, a man came to announce the Sultan's arrival. I immediately gave orders that he should be allowed to advance, accompanied by his brothers, and any minor chiefs belonging to his party. As the chief approached close to my tent, I could see him arrange his cloak, and place his sword so that he could easily get at it, if necessary; he appeared much agitated, and apparently afraid. I met him at the entrance of the tent, when we embraced each other. The party seated, and the usual salutations and welcomes exchanged, we proceeded to business. The Sultan asked me why I had not entered his country long ago, and that he had now come for the purpose of escorting me. I told him that I was amusing myself hunting, and that a few days would find me at Killat-e-Ghilzie. After smoking, the conversation became more brisk, and the khans appeared more at their ease, particularly Meerulum, who now joined in the conversation, which turned on the seizure of their families. I said I was exceedingly sorry that such an occurrence should have taken place, but that as it had, there was no advisable course left for us, but to endeavour by quiet and peaceable means to get it cancelled; and with this view I had written to the authorities, advising that one of their friends in exile should be sent to conciliate the tribes; and after assuring them that no person, not even themselves excepted, deplored the seizure of their friends more than I did, the conversation on this head closed. I now told the khan that I had heard he had recently received letters from Yah-Mahomed Khan, the Herat Minister, and that I hoped, according to former agreement, he would show me them. He replied that he had received letters both from Yah-Mahomed, and Dost Mahomed, and that I should certainly have them. The Koran was now produced, and solemnly sealed by every one present, in token of their friendship for me, and loyalty to the king. After the book was sealed, they one and all bent their heads forward, with their hands before their faces, and after a short prayer, the hands were allowed to drop gracefully into the lap. The khans now begged that the angel (Bible) might be produced. It was lying on the table beside me, and on handing it to the sultan, he looked at it, and laughingly said, "It is very foolish for me to desire to see a book that I cannot possibly read, nor do I know, to a certainty, that you have given me the proper angel—however, we must take your word for it—and it is now the anxious wish of all present that you should seal this blessed book, in token of your friendship for us." I did not hesitate to satisfy them—and, accordingly, my seal was affixed to the holy volume; on seeing which, all the party appeared delighted, and after distributing a few trifling presents amongst the minor chiefs recommended to me by Sultan Mahomed, the party took leave, and returned to the Ghilzie coun-

try, apparently well satisfied with their visit, Afzul Khan alone remaining with me.

1st April. Afzul Khan takes to himself the credit of bringing his brother, Sultan Mahomed, to me yesterday; he informs me that the priests of the tribe are doing all they can to get the people to rebel, but that he will, inshaulla, (please God,) frustrate all their designs.

During the day, the letters promised by Sultan Mahomed were handed to me by one of his confidential men. One is from the Herat minister, accompanied by one from Ukhter Khan, a Dooranee chief before alluded to in this journal, and in rebellion to the west of the river Helmund. The minister writes, that it is shortly his intention to march on Candahar with a large army, and requests Sultan Mahomed, and the Gooroo, with a number of other chiefs, all severally named in the letter, to join him with the Ghilzie tribes, on his arrival at that city. The Dooranee chief's letter is full of abuse, levelled against the English, and calls upon the Ghilzie chiefs to join the Dooranees, and drive from the country the infidels: he concludes his letter by saying, "Don't mind your relations seized by the English: when we take Candahar, they shall soon be liberated." I sent the letters, by express, to Candahar—and copies to the envoy and minister.

7th. There is, I am informed, a very curious cavern, about eighteen miles south-east of this place, (Juldok,) called Bolan, and feeling anxious to explore, and copy some inscriptions, said to be on the sides of it, I had determined on making an excursion, and with this view had dispatched my kit. This morning, however, having received intelligence that a cousin of Sultan Mahomed's, by name Nasur Khan, has recently arrived in the country from Jellalabad, and told the chiefs and tribes that it was all nonsense depending on me for the release of their friends, and that the only possible means by which they could obtain that object was to rebel, I have changed my intentions. He possesses great influence in the tribe, being considered a clever and experienced man. My informant recommends me not to enter the Ghilzie country without troops; he also informs me, that the Gooroo is playing all kinds of tricks—and Meerulum appears more alarmed than ever at the proceedings of his nephew. My visit to the cave has been put off for the present, and I must endeavour to explore it at some more convenient season.

8th. Letters arrived to-day, reporting the departure of the troops to assist me in erecting a fort on the high mound of Killat-e-Ghilzie.

My news from the Hotuck country is by no means favourable. The Gooroo has succeeded in getting a number of the tribe to acknowledge him as their chief.

11th. My letters, received to-day, are very flattering: they approve of the manner in which I have conciliated the chiefs. This is, as far as it goes, satisfactory; but the great account is not yet settled, and the cause of complaint amongst the tribes not as yet removed.

The Gooroo has heard of the approach of the troops, and of our intention to occupy Killat-e-Ghilzie; he has taken upon himself to state to the tribes, that our ultimate intention is to exact revenue from the Tooran Ghilzies. I have mentioned before, in this journal, that these Ghilzies have never been, by the most powerful kings of Afghanistan, compelled to pay revenue; and, doubtless, if they believe the Gooroo's assertion, much bad feeling will be manifested, when the tribes know, through me, our determination to fortify Killat. And, before I proceed to do so, I shall circulate letters to all the chiefs, warning them to keep quiet, and that it is not our intention to demand revenue from them.

16th. Marched seven miles in advance, and pitched my camp within view of Killat-e-Ghilzie. Captain Saunders, of the Bengal Engineers, joined me.

20th. It has rained incessantly the last four days, and I was not a little pleased this morning to be enabled to change my ground. Pitched my tent and camp on the top of the mound of Killat-e-Ghilzie, and, for the first time, made known my intention to fortify it.

Killat-e-Ghilzie is an isolated hill, situated on the right bank of the Turnuck, and about three-quarters of a mile north of the river, being distant by the high road about eighty four miles from Candahar.

The road in common use for travellers between Candahar and Cabool, runs immediately to the south of the hill, but there are other roads between these two cities, and one in particular, on the opposite bank of the Turnuck, by which Killat-e-Ghilzie may be altogether avoided.

Between the hill of Killat and the river, the ground is low, slightly undulating, and is completely commanded from the hill. The same observation will apply to the ground nearly east and west of the position, in the direction of the valley parallel with the river. To the north, a chain of hills extend, the tops of which, at the distance of one thousand yards, rise a few feet higher than Killat-e-Ghilzie, and some offsets from these hills approach to within from four to six hundred yards of the position. One of these latter eminences having a clear space of 360 by 60 feet, on its top, is situated within four hundred yards of the crest, and is not more than thirteen feet lower than the larger tabular space of the hill of Killat. It is the spot which would most probably be selected by an enemy, provided with artillery, for the erection of a battery against the fort—particularly, as the slopes of the hill of Killat, to the north, are generally lower and of easier access than those fronting the river. The northern face is also the weakest, as being nearly straight, and possessing little capability for establishing flanking defences.

Killat is a detached portion of one of the last of the ridge of the mountains which divide the valley of the Argundab from that of the Turnuck.

The hill is of an irregular figure, about five hundred and fifty yards in length, and two hundred yards in width—but this latter dimension varies greatly—the southern side being broken by two deep indentations, which are favourable to the defence of this face. The general height of the hill above the low ground at its foot, may be estimated at one hundred feet; but there is an elevated plot at the south east angle, about thirty feet higher, and on this plot a mound formed like the frustum of a cone, evidently in a great measure artificial, has been raised—which towers about seventy feet above the rest of the hill, forming a very remarkable and conspicuous object; it is said to have constituted the citadel of the ancient fortress. At the base of this mound, and from the lower tabular portion of the hill, several copious springs of good water take their rise; and it is evidently owing to the presence of an abundant supply of water in such a commanding situation, that the ancient fame of Killat-e-Ghilzie, as a strong and formidable position, must be attributed.

The remains however, of buildings, and traces of the old fortifications upon it, have almost disappeared—although the latter are said to have existed in good condition till thrown down by the famous chief, Shabodeen, about forty years since. Few or no remains, indicating a permanent style of building, are found—no burned bricks, no cement—the walls of the fort, and material of the houses seem to have alike consisted almost entirely of mud, the rough stone of the

hill having occasionally been used in the construction of the foundations. It seems evident that its defenders have trusted rather to the presumed natural strength of the position, than to the artificial defences of the place.

The slopes of the hill are not so steep as to be formidable, rarely exceeding one foot of height to two of base; the superstratum of the hill is vegetable mould, mingled occasionally with gravel, and clay of considerable tenacity is found on some higher portions.

The mass appears to be formed of a porous limestone rock, which makes its appearance in several places below the crest of the hill, and may be taken advantage of to push out flanking points, and render access to some portions of the summit more difficult.

Although a very strong position, according to native ideas, Killat e-Ghilzie could only be made tenable against a well-disciplined and appointed army, by the construction of numerous casemated batteries and bomb-proofs. From its position, its surrounding walls must necessarily be every where viewed from the base upwards—and it would be difficult, by almost any degree of labour, to prevent the fort of the wall being accessible at many points of the enceinte. Interior retrenchments might be formed, which would greatly add to the difficulty of capturing the place; but these would present but a passive resistance to a force attacking the place, as the surrounding country would not be exposed to their fire.

But against a native army, unprovided or but scantily supplied with artillery, Killat presents a strong, formidable position for a fortified post. It may, by the erection of a thick and high scarp-wall, be rendered almost impregnable to the efforts of a native force, unprovided with artillery; and the supply of a few guns, of large calibre, to the fort, must always render it an object of terror to the rude tribes, near the confines of whose territory it is situated.

Wrote letters to Sultan Mahomed, and all the minor chiefs of the Tokhy and Hotuk tribes, stating that it was actually necessary that I should have some residence in the country during winter, and that the king desired to erect a fort on this spot, not with a view of collecting revenue, but for the purpose of having a small force always ready for the protection of the roads. The Gooroo, however, has given out that I am erecting it for the purpose of exterminating root and branch, (weekh keudeuny,) the Tooran Ghilzies. It is a very difficult affair altogether, but the authorities are bent on carrying out the measure; so, I must needs go on with my work, let the consequences be what they may.

21st. Captain Griffin arrived with a force consisting of one regiment of infantry, two six-pounder horse artillery guns, and three hundred irregular cavalry, and pitched his camp on the top of the mound.

The khans appear all thunder struck at this sudden occupation of the strongest position in the Ghilzie country. Meeralum Khan strongly advises me for my own sake to abandon all idea of fortifying the place. He was very much excited about it to day, and said—"Sahib, for the sake of Ullah (God) let me beg and beseech of you not to have ought to do with this damnable place. It has been, from time immemorial, the burying-place and destruction of all those who have sought to occupy it; and so sure as you persist in your present designs, let them be ever so peaceable, you may rely upon it, not only will you be disgraced, but the power of the English in this country will be annihilated. I don't wish to trouble you with a long detail," concluded the khan, "of the number of powerful Dooranee and Ghilzie chiefs who have lost their lives, in endeavouring, from time to time to occupy this spot. There is some fatality attached to it, and if it must be fortified by the king, do you, at least, have nothing to do with it." I told the khan I was obliged to him for the interest he appeared to take in my welfare, but that I was only a government servant, and must carry into effect, in the best way that I could, such orders as I should receive from my superiors. He, however, together with the other chiefs in my camp, believe that it is not our intention to go on with the works, and throw all kinds of obstacles in the way of procuring labourers.

22nd. Captain Griffin, at my request, has unfurled the royal standard on the highest part of the mound, and fired the usual salute. The chiefs were all seated in my tent to-day when the salute was being fired, but appeared to take no notice of it. Some of their followers, standing outside the tent, remarked that the lusher wallah sahib (commanding officer of the troops) was making some tomasha (fun) with the troops, and this is all that was said about the matter.

23d. Received a letter to-day from Sultan Mahomed Khan, in answer to one I sent him the other day, announcing our intention of occupying this place. He writes—

"I have a great friendship for you, and I shall therefore tell you that the occupation of Killat-e-Ghilzie is very unpopular in the tribes; but I shall not tell you not to fortify it, nor will I tell you to do so, fearing you might think I do not wish you to remain in my country; but you know best."

The messenger who brought the document, however, says that on receiving my letter, he assembled all the influential men of the tribe, and told them the contents of it. He, together with his brothers, pointed out to the minor chiefs assembled at the meeting the utter folly of resistance; but they immediately accused him of having sold the place and the honour of the tribe to the Farin gees, adding, that it would now fall to their lot to be seized as opportunity might offer, and sent into exile to India. "If," continued they, "the Farin gees could manage to seize your families in the country of a powerful state such as the Sikhs, it is not difficult to imagine what they will do with us when they have laid hold of our noif," (navel,) alluding to the strength of Killat-e-Ghilzie as a natural position. I am further informed, that it was decided at this assembly, after a good deal of altercation, that the occupation of Killat was a death-blow to the existence of the Tooran Ghilzies; and the Koran being produced, they one and all took most solemn oaths to stand by each other, and die in the defence of their liberties and families. This is all very bad.

25th. Commenced digging, preparatory to laying the foundation of the wall to form the enceinte of the fort, which appeared to cause much sensation amongst the Ghilzies in the camp. Meeralum Khan complains to me to-day most bitterly against the Gooroo, who, he states, has alienated the whole tribe from him, and has assembled about four hundred men in the mountains, and is daily moving off the women and children to the fastholds in the hills. He states that during the night one of his attendants ran away with two of his best horses, and is now in the fort of one of his minor chiefs, who protects the culprit, and refuses to give up the horses. The chief is a member of the Sha Alum family, and a desperate character. His name is Tyaz Khan, and his fort, which is only four or five miles off, and can be distinctly seen from this, is one of the strongest in the country. This fellow, I am informed, has been the terror of the surrounding country for years past, having frequently plundered the caravans on the road, and after committing the most awful acts of barbarity, retired into his strong fort, and defied the small parties from time to time sent against him. This fort was built by the father of the present chief. He was a

great warrior, and had fought with his countrymen in one of their invasions in India, and at the taking of a strong fort called Katulleh, meaning the fort of slaughter; and his son now thinks that his position is impregnable, and, the khan tells me, is in rebellion with the Gooroo. When the present king, in one of his efforts to revive his power in this country, was wandering about a refugee amongst the Ghilzies, a powerful chief at that time, by name Futee Khan, of the Babekerzie tribe, promised to assist him if he would consent to marry his daughter. The king agreed, and had issue by this marriage, the present amiable prince, Timoor. Some time afterwards Tyaz Khan, the chief above alluded to, managed to obtain in marriage another daughter, and he is a brother-in-law to the king, who, however, knows nothing at all about him. It is well, however, to be on good terms with such a desperate character, so I have written a friendly letter to him, pointing out the injustice of harbouring a thief in his fort, and requesting him to send back to Meeralum the horses; also, that I am anxious to form his acquaintance, and should like much to see him. During the day I received an answer to my letter, couched in friendly terms, but in which there was no allusion made to the stolen horses. He writes: "I have heard a good deal about you, and am anxious to form your acquaintance, but cannot come to see you for a few days." The messenger informs me that he saw a number of armed men moving about the country.

28th. Rumours of war are rife in camp, and both officers and men are in daily expectation of fighting. Last night, as I was going to bed, the staff-officer of the force came running into my tent. He was so much agitated that it took him a few moments to recover his breath. He was sent by Captain Griffin to state that he had positive information that the Ghilzies had assembled a force close by, and intended attacking our camp during the night. Knowing the alarm was a false one, I took no notice of it, merely remarking that doubtless ere long the troops would have something to do, but that at present I did not apprehend any danger of a collision with the tribes.

29th. Captain Macan, with his regiment, joined our camp, and took command of the troops.

Meeralum again reports that the Gooroo is marching off all the families to the hills, in order that the heads of them may be in a better state to fight us. I have been so much engaged since the arrival of the troops that I have not been able to take my usual rides about the country, but if to-morrow should prove favourable for an excursion, I intend taking a ride into the Hotack country, and by personal observation ascertain whether the villages have been deserted. The Gooroo may possibly, on hearing what I am about, get frightened and leave his followers, who would immediately return to their obedience to, Meeralum.

1st May. Returned to Killat-e-Ghilzie, after a hard fight, which took place under the following circumstances:—

Accompanied by Meeralum and my escort, I crossed the Turnuck yesterday morning, and proceeded into the Hotuck country. My road happened to lead me close to the fort of Tyaz Khan; but, to my great surprise, on arriving within half a mile of it, a number of armed men, with drawn swords in their hands, issued from it, and commenced brandishing them, defying us to advance. On seeing this I halted, and took a good look at the place. The khan rode up to me and said—"Ah, sahib, look at those foolish dogs; they little know what is in store for them: they are defying you to attack them." There could be no possible doubt of the truth of this assertion, and I found myself in rather an awkward dilemma; but after some consideration as to the better course to be pursued, I determined that it would never do to turn my back on them. So sent an officer who had accompanied me for amusement, to Captain Macan, requesting him to mention to that officer what he had seen, and ask him to come to my assistance with his regiment and two guns. In the mean time I proceeded to invest the fort, and endeavour to settle matters in a peaceable manner.

There happened to be in my escort a number of persons nearly related to those in the fort, and I was in hopes, through their means, to be enabled, particularly when the garrison knew from me that I had no wish to molest them, to get them to surrender the place, or send me an ample apology for the insult they had offered. They were, accordingly, sent twice into the fort, but returned with unfavourable answers, to the effect that they would come to me the next morning, but not before. At this time I was joined by a man of Meeralum's with letters he had intercepted from the Gooroo to his nephew, who, it would appear, commanded the garrison. In his letter he tells them to fight like Afghans, and hold out to the last, and that he will join them and drive the English from Killat-e-Ghilzie. Seeing a large cloud of dust rising in the direction of our camp, I was induced to think that the garrison, on finding that the troops were approaching, would see the utter folly of resistance, and apologize. I accordingly sent in again to say that it was far from my wish to destroy them, that the troops were rapidly approaching, and could not possibly return till the place was taken, or some honourable concession made by the garrison for the insult offered to me. To this message I received the same answer as before; and, when the messenger had left, the garrison began to sing their war-cry, and beat their drums in token of defiance. I really thought them mad, and again sent a confidential Afghani, who was directed by the khan to place the Koran before the chief, and beg of him, in the name of the prophet, not to spill the blood of true believers in unprofitable contest, and with a force that they could by no possible chance defeat. He was further directed to endeavour to get one of the garrison to come to me with power to settle the affair in an amicable way. As this messenger was returning, Captain Saunders, of the Bengal Engineers, who accompanied Captain Macan, and had galloped on in advance of the troops to join me, in passing close by the walls of the fort, was fired at by the garrison. The rascals, thinking they had hit him, set up a most hideous howl. He, however, was not touched; and there appeared to be no course left now for me but to direct the storm and capture of the place. Captain Saunders now represented to me that we had not ample means of breaching the wall, and that there was scarcely enough of powder to blow in the gate. I, in consequence made another attempt to get the garrison to give in, and asked Captain Macan, on his arrival, to take advantage of my sending in another person to the fort to get his guns and men into position, in case it became necessary to storm the place. The sun was now nearly down, and there was no time to be lost, so that Macan said, "If they do not come to terms immediately, I must take the place." An old acquaintance of mine, one of the garrison, now came to me, and I was in great hopes all would be amicably settled; but, to my great disappointment, the man only came to inform me, on the part of the garrison, that they were determined to fight and die at their posts, and that I had much better retire my force, as it was impossible to take the place. I asked him to remain with me, but he refused, saying that he was determined to share the fate of his comrades, whatever that might be. He accordingly returned to the fort, and the guns, which had by this time been run up within a few hundred yards of it, commenced a destructive fire of

shrapnell on the garrison, who, on their part, returned the fire amidst howling, singing, and beating of drums. It was now getting dark, and Captain Macan asked me to take my escort of Afghans a short distance from his men, which I did, and waited most anxiously for three mortal hours, listening to the firing of our men, who had crept up close to the wall, and kept up a brisk fire, so that the garrison could not see our engineers placing the powder-bags by the gateway. The balls kept whizzing over our heads every second, and the Afghans began to recognize the voices of their different friends in the fort, which they insinuated, in a laughing way, could not be taken. The khan came to me and remarked,—"evidently much afraid of his own followers, some of whom had brothers in the fort,—that our troops were a very long time in taking the place. Feeling very anxious to know what was going on, I walked up to our guns close to the gateway, and just as I had reached them the gate was blown in. Seeing two Afghans on the wall firing at our men, I discharged my gun at them, and, drawing my sword, entered the fort with the storming party. I had put on an Afghan dress when I left Killat-e-Ghilzie in the morning, so that, when I got inside the fort, a seapoy, taking me for the chief, fired at me, but the ball fortunately, only grazed the shawl I had twisted round my head forming a turban. At this time I also received a knock on my wrist, which obliged me to drop my sword. I called out and made myself known to the men, and passed on to the scene of destruction. I shortly came in contact with Captain Macan, who seeing me running to him, and taking me in the bustle of the moment, to be one of the Afghans, put up his sword and was going to cut me down, when, seeing his mistake, I called out "It is Lynch." He expressed his astonishment at my venturing into the fort in such a dress, which was certainly very foolish. However, the place was by this time completely taken, and, with the exception of a few men in a tower in the centre of the fort, who had ceased firing, every man was killed; and some of the houses outside the fort having been fired by the men, the different objects in the fort became easily apparent from the walls, on which sentries were now placed, and we retired from a scene by no means agreeable to witness in cool blood. Captain Saunders, who headed the storming party after Captain Happy, appointed to that post, was knocked down at the head of his men, was severely wounded in three places, and almost every man of the party got more or less injured; but, strange to say, only one man was killed. A number of the garrison jumped down from the wall as we entered the fort, and twenty bodies lay on the wall this morning. The men in the tower, before alluded to, came out and gave themselves up; they had all received bad wounds, and one of them, by name Sheerdil (lion-hearted,) has a musket-ball in his throat. It entered the jaw, and cannot now be extracted. He is a man who has received great attention and kindness from both Major Leech and myself, and was with me in my camp on most friendly terms only a day or two ago. So much for Afghan friendship. Reported all the circumstances of this unfortunate, but brilliant, affair to Major Rawlinson. It has been an unfortunate business for me personally, for the envoy will possibly now fix on me the whole of the responsibility attending the present critical state of the Ghilzie country, and attribute to this act any further outbreak that may take place. I have, however, by this day's post, begged him to send such a force into this country as will show the tribes the utter hopelessness of opposition; and, after the severe lesson they were taught yesterday, I apprehend, in the presence of a strong force, no further difficulty with them.

In my report, I did not fail to eulogize the good conduct evinced by both officers and men in the capture of the fort; the men behaved right well, and the bravery of Captain Saunders was most conspicuous. Previous to leaving the place this morning, I gave orders for its total destruction, and the dead, amongst them Tyaz Khan, we handed over to their friends for interment. The Mullahs took them away and buried them just as they were, and, on asking why they did not wash them, I was told that such was the way in which martyrs were buried. There is not a single Afghan in my camp who does not acquit me of having had any desire to destroy these unfortunate fanatics; their own brothers and relations say they deserved their fate; but still these Mullahs pronounce them martyrs, and treat them as such.—[To be Concluded next week.]

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—REPENTANCE.

Madeleine Dillon O'Moore, (for Carleton had not forsaken his first love) had not knelt for one agitated minute—the beating of her heart was not still, nor had her quivering lips yet acquired the mastery of speech, when, with a faint sound, the door of a small aperture was withdrawn, and, separated still by a grating, the austere visage of the confessor became visible, almost touching the face of the young penitent and exhibiting a character of grave, passionless attention. What a subject for a picture, if the painter's art could describe it!—the two countenances that then met together. One, upon which passion, every attainable enjoyment, and almost every endurable sorrow, had left a witness of its presence—and over which penances almost commensurate, were human satisfaction possible, to the sins for which they were to satisfy had drawn the semblance of an enforced composure; this, seen through the wicket bars, in a dim recess, enlightened, one might say, by the lustre of eyes, on which mortification had exercised its power in vain;—the other, marked by agitation which had never before been experienced—a countenance framed for gentle joys, and which it would be hardly too much to say, felicity itself had fashioned—a face, whose serene and joyous character, care, or disappointment, or grief had never clouded—and which, now, in the first anguish of a young life, received, and manifested in its complex expression, notices of all that the heart which looked through it was capable of experiencing. In the face of the priest were the traces of a stormy life past, and of the rigid repose which waited on the season of its decline; in the maiden's, there was the prophecy of a troubled life to come—it seemed as if retaining the last look of happy girlhood, and suffering to mingle with them notices of coming disaster and passion, and of the struggles in which virtuous principles triumph.

There was a pause of silence while the lady strove for power to speak—and the confessor, who saw the effort she made, waited until it was successful. At length, she spoke, faintly indeed—but with the distinctness which, whether the intonation be rapid or slow, often characterises profound emotion. "Pardon, father," she said, "I do not come to you to confess, I come for council—rebuks—and, oh, for protection."

The wise ecclesiastic saw that this case was to be no ordinary and formal interchange of confession and absolution; and he, at once, adapted himself to the emergency. Without expostulating against the irregularity with which

the young penitent addressed him, of using any expression which might disturb the connection of her thoughts or feelings, he paused for a moment after she had ceased, and finding her silence continue, he said, in a manner to invite further confidence—

"Proceed, my daughter—from what do you desire protection?"

"From all that may be feared," was the whispered answer, "from God and man, father. I have profaned this sacred temple by the thoughts with which I entered it, and I tremble to think of departing. I came here, not to meet God—Oh, even on this blessed night, I forgot him. What am I to be, if I have brought down his curse. What I am to be, if in his anger he forsake me? Who shall protect me against myself?"

And she sobbed vehemently. When her agitation had ceased, the confessor resumed—

"Be composed, poor child, God is merciful, even to offence like yours—accept your remorse as a proof of his favour; but see that you reveal yourself, that nothing which ought to be told, remain unspoken. You came here you tell me, not with pious thoughts—not to meet God in prayer. You came to meet a sinner—one who, I assume is here, or was to be here, in no better frame of mind than your own; do you know is any such person now in the church?"

"Oh, yes; but his sin is not great as mine," she answered, half turning her face round, as if to look behind her, and then, with a shudder, averting it again; "yes, he is here—I saw him! I saw him! How! oh, how shall I escape!"

There was a brief pause—the confessor remaining silent, as if in thought.

"Hear me, father," she re-commenced; "hear me with patience, for my heart is deeply wounded. Never, till now, did I know how dreadful God is. I entered into his holy house, to keep my promise to one who had conjured that I would meet him—I entered, father, with folly and fear in my mind—but oh! there is a presence here! there is an influence that fills the consecrated space! and even the heart of sin is sensible of it. My first thought was to fly; but I had entered eagerly, and as I looked round to retire, he was at a pillar near me—his face was averted, but I dared not pass him; I dropt on my knees, trembled, and bowed my head, striving with myself to pray; I dared not; I could not. Was I not alone in the whole congregation? Were not all raised and pure in their devotion? How painfully their hymns of joy sunk on my guilty heart. But oh, when I lifted up my eyes, as if even I would seek pity from heaven, I saw above the altar, the mother and the crucified Son; then was my hour, not of darkness, but of light and terror; it was a vision, father, not a picture—and words were spoken in my heart, 'behold whom thou dost condemn and persecute.' Oh, father, I was sinking, dying—and in that moment, I saw you, and by an impulse, may heaven have sent it, I came to you for mercy."

She ceased, and the confessor, too, remained for some time silent. After, it would seem, deep reflection, he said—

"Daughter, you must be in a state of more composure and recollection before you can partake the sacrament of penance; you shall speak to me as a friend, a father, and I will counsel you. Hereafter, you have privileges of devotion; you must now be satisfied with humbler blessings. Retire, my child, I will speak with you presently."

She heard him with terror, not less than gratitude.

"I tremble," said she, "to be for a moment unprotected. I am observed and beset. Oh, father, counsel me."

"Did you," said the confessor, "come here alone, quite alone?"

"No, father; I have one faithful servant, she has accompanied me, but she is feeble. The sense of sin is very timid; and although I have good hopes that I would not yield again to idle thoughts, I shrink from the fear of trial—I cannot bear to be further shaken."

"Is your attendant near at hand—can you discern her?"

The penitent looked hastily back.

"She is near, father. I saw her this moment, her eyes are upon me."

"Rise, my child, let your companion attend you—pass instantly through the entrance next but one, on the right to this chair—on the left you will find a door, which will open at a touch, enter, close the door, and do not open until you hear me ask admittance; let your attendant go with you."

She arose, and, at a sign, was joined by her attendant. Together, they passed rapidly through the doors designated by the confessor, and with beating hearts shut themselves into the room where they were to remain for a brief space prisoners. The moment the penitent arose, Carleton was in motion, but he was late; the portal through which they passed conducted directly through a porch to one of the great gates of the church. Many persons were there, entering and departing, when he had reached the inner door, through which he passed eagerly, leaving her whom he sought behind, while he rushed forward through the crowd, first pursuing some receding groups, and then returning to take his place on the steps of the gate, and to examine in vain every passing figure. Foiled in his expectations, he was returning again to the church, and had reached the entrance, which he was about to pass, when De Mortagne arrested him.

"A little less passion in your speed, my friend, and a little more composure in your looks, would be in better keeping with the time and place; your most unseemly highness is agitated—what wild purpose possesses you?"

"I am on my way to that dark friar's den."

"What!" exclaimed De Mortagne, interrupting him, "to drag the struggling monster in to day? Not now—take my word for it—such a thing will not do yet; all in good time. Don't think of it at present."

"I am not quite so mad, but I must have a word with that same confessor."

"So—is it so? I cry you mercy—you will amend—are you ready to confess?"

"No, by heaven! but he shall confess."

"Oh, now I understand. You will learn where he has spirited away that charming penitent."

"Yes; I shall post myself at his door, and it will go hard with me, but I shall have some satisfaction from him."

"It will go hard with you, of that you may be sure—for a stranger, you appear to be very little curious as to your lodging amongst us. What! force yourself upon an ecclesiastic, and call him to account for acts done in the confessional! To beard the lion in his den would be sobriety, in comparison with such a prank. Do you not know that we have laws of sacrilege? No, no, keep your passion down, and your courage up for a time when it may be useful. No, do not interrupt me; I understand all you can say—and I feel, perhaps, as warmly as you do, but not so madly. I tell you, if you speak but one word to this formidable abbe, you will give him power over you; I mean, if you speak it to him here. He will provoke an explosion of temper; in half-

an-hour, you will be in a dungeon: there to-night, and where to-morrow, as your wild poet says. I am soaring in your madness while I remain here. We are observed. Pray, walk a little out of the throng; let us leave this holy place, even for a few minutes, and you may return, if I do not satisfy you that it is useless and unwise to do so.

Stunned and overcome, rather than persuaded, Carleton at length gave way, and continuing their whispered dialogue, the two speakers left the church.

The confessor, on whose seclusion no penitent dared to intrude, soon left the confessional, and joined Madeleine and her attendant, in the chamber to which he had directed them. The story disclosed to him was of a kind which the reader may so easily have anticipated, that he would not thank us for the details. That Carleton should have sought out Madeleine, until his perseverance was rewarded by success; that he should have gained over her attendant to his interest; that billets, serenades, followed, all those fond attentions of a worship, which borrowed its devotions, more from the character of the lover than the habits of the times; all this, the reader will regard as matter of course. He can fancy, too, the pretty, but not very alarming peevishness of Madeleine's chiding with her maid, when a perfumed billet was, from time to time, placed in her way, or when her slumber was broken, as Annette stole to her chamber, and awakened her to the serenade. He can fancy how the lady listened, although she chid; and however so small a portion of her curtain withdrawn, told that the rich voice of her obsequious lover was not unheard, or his attentions unregarded. All this, the reader has, no doubt, divined—and we think it better to leave it with him, we not having the grace or skill by which a twice-told tale would be recommended. Neither shall we enter into detail as to the tactics of an ambitious aunt, to ensure that in this, as in other instances, "the course of true love never should run smooth."

Suffice it to say, that she tried a second time the experiment of a sudden removal; that Carleton's enterprise and perseverance were again successful; and that she sought to escape his importunities, by lodging herself and her fair ward in a quarter of Paris where they had not previously resided.

Scarcely had they become settled in this new abode, before Carleton reappeared, not in his proper form, but in a guise scarce less effectual, that of an epistolary form. It is not necessary to recite the expressions in which he strove to awaken interest and compassion in Madeleine's gentle heart. Only for a moment to see her—once to hear her voice—would be bliss; even to be rejected, would have some touch of comfort; and memories would follow it, from which the brief term of life which was to follow would draw a solace. At the somewhat haughty aspect of the young lover rose before her at the spell of his billets, and seemed to soften into tenderness and humility before her influence, the young beauty softened too. Annette was permitted to encourage him; to appoint a trysting place on the bridge; to name the church where his prayer might be indulged.

All this was done, or suffered, rather, in the light-heartedness that thought no evil. If any thought looking beyond the moment, dawned on her mind, it was in the vague form—would her father recognise, or receive the suitor as an acquaintance? But this was so faint in the remote distance of her mental horizon, as to be scarcely discernible. No grave thought or purpose was in her mind no passion in her heart—she would speak a word of compassionate farewell, and acquit herself, by it, of every obligation to her persevering lover. With such feelings she entered the church of St. Germain—the revulsion of thought and heart which she experienced there, revealed to her powers of mental suffering, of which she had been wholly unconscious.

"I had hardly entered the church," said she, as she concluded her story, "when I felt that my sin was grievous; and if God himself had become visible, I do not think I could be more agitated, than at the sight of that blessed picture. Oh, it may well be that he did appear; and that what was to others only an image, was the Lord himself, and his adorable mother, to my heart and spirit. In that moment of dismay, you appeared—a murmur of voices arose near me, in it I heard your name; I heard no more, but that was enough; often before I had heard my dear father mention you, and I felt that I could not be wrong in imploring your protection."

"I am known to your father? Have you any doubt or fear to say who he is? Do not fear, daughter—if you are unwilling that I should know more of you, keep your secret. What has passed to-night shall be forgotten. If you have confidence in my desire to do you service, and in my discretion, you will not suffer from it."

"I have no fears—my father is the Count Dillon O'Moore."

"A friend with whom I have often taken counsel—he is not yet arrived in Paris?"

"No, reverend father, but he has directed that I should await him."

"I hope to see him and you again. Now, I will have the happiness to escort you home. A carriage is in waiting at the outer gate, can you walk so far?"

When she had expressed her thankful readiness, the priest threw a cloak round him, over his robes, and conducted the lady and her attendant, walking by their side, to the carriage, handed them in, and entered after them. He was not unobserved. Carleton saw him and his escort—just as they reached their carriage, he had reached it also. "Perhaps," he said when first he saw it, "the carriage is her's." Some such suspicion, scarce acknowledged, was in his mind, and he arrived in time to have it verified. The feeling it awoke was one of bitterness.

"I am her sport," said he. "She has chosen a worthier than me. So, farewell Madeleine's you shall not have another opportunity to insult a heart you are unworthy of."

Meanwhile, when the coach where Madeleine and her companions were seated, reached its destination, a surprise was prepared for them—no less than the appearance of Madame La Comtesse awaiting them. She had retired to rest at an early hour, and was awakened to receive a letter from her brother of which a special courier was the bearer. This she still held in her hand, and her mind was, as could be collected from her glances at the missive, evidently disturbed by it. The little embarrassment caused by the unexpected appearance of De Burg, gave way before the influence of his manners and the remembrances recalled by his references to incidents of past days, and mysterious hints as to schemes in which they both still held an interest; and when Madeleine retired, Madame La Comtesse detained the confessor, and made him the depository of the secret that troubled her. She had attained, as she confidently believed, the point at which success in her great schemes was certain. The prince had received a miniature likeness of Madeleine, and vouchsafed to express, in the strongest terms, his royal admiration of her beauty. He had declared, too, his fixed determination to visit aunt and niece in the coming week, at Fontainebleau; and, after many disappointments at Varangeville, and elsewhere, when the meeting with his royal highness was now cer-

tain, and the result of it not doubtful, as, although now above such vanities, the Abbe de Burg, having seen Madeleine, must be aware, when she expected the return that a rational man might make to a disinterested friend, who had spent almost a life in endeavouring to render him service—"how was she confounded by an expression like that!" cried she passionately, showing De Burg the letter.

"I warn you against your insane and unfeminine expedition. If you disregard my warning, I forbid my daughter to accompany you. I am hastening to Paris, to relieve you from all further care of her."

Tears and sobs gushed forth in disordered abundance, as the lady thought of this rude rebuke. "I will retire into a convent," said she, in one of the intervals of her clamorous sorrow—and the confessor took his leave, with the usual professions of consideration, but without expressing condemnation, or approval of her world renouncing intentions.

Madeleine did not experience, that night, the peace of mind which moralists insist upon a good action. Severe as was the struggle in which she conquered herself, repose did not follow it. Stranger still, her very conscience seemed to take up a tone of reproof against her, and to become an accuser on the part of Carleton. How must he feel and think of her? What must he have suffered? What desperate act may he have done? Poor Madeleine!—her night was not peaceful—nor her rest salutary. At times she sunk into uneasy slumber, even from sorrow—and started, scared from sleep by the fearful visions it called up around her. Carleton's cause lost nothing in Madeleine's heart, by the wrong she thought herself guilty of having done him, in her transient paroxysm of conscientiousness.

EXCURSIONS IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON.

INTRODUCTION.

Probably there is no city in the world, the immediate neighbourhood of which can boast of so many or such varied attraction as that of London. In every direction, rural beauty and rural elegance—the charms of nature and the triumphs of art—may be seen to reign. Royal palaces, magnificent seats of nobility, interspersed with costly villas of our wealthiest sons of commerce, afford exhaustless gratification to the eye—exhaustless food for inquiry and contemplation. Be it our task to bring them readily within reach of the economist—of the man who desires to make the most of his summer's holiday, and of his well-earned though perhaps scantily furnished coin. No one who has not made the experiment can be aware how much may be effected by small means, as respects both time and money, judiciously employed. With now and then a little pedestrian effort, he may, in about eight excursions, in different directions, be enabled—through conveyance by railway, steam-boat, stage coach, and omnibus, at a degree of speed so rapid, in periods of time so brief, and at a cost so comparatively insignificant, as would have alarmed the credulity of our fathers—visit a thousand attractive, delightful, and interesting objects:—objects rich in natural scenery, in historical remembrance, in the beauty, and grandeur, and magnificence of art. A journey of from twenty to thirty or forty miles may frequently be thus achieved in a day, without any Herculean exertion—without any fatiguing exhaustion of body or of mind. Rising before him, in picturesque succession, the traveller may contemplate the beauties of Ascot, Harrow, Bushy Park, Hampton Court, Chiswick, Richmond, Twickenham, Otford, Kew, Claremont, Egham, Eton, Windsor, Lion House, Dulwich, Eltham, Shooter's Hill, Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, and a number of other equally interesting spots, embracing, here, a fine collection of paintings—there, inestimable assemblage of antiques—the time-honoured relics of ancient splendour—the exquisite embellishments of modern art and taste. Here flows the proudly freighted stream of the deep-winding Thames—there are spread forth the blossom bearing hills and richly-cultivated vales of Kent—in another direction, the eye is soothed and cheered, the mind expanded and elevated, by the classic groves of Twickenham, and the Claude-like charms of Richmond—while, turning again, the venerable halls of Eton, the cradle of our warriors, poets, and statesmen, appear in the distance—and then, the regal towers of Windsor, that glorious palace of our kings, rising in splendour from the rich forest scenery by which they are surrounded. In endless variety there is an endless charm.

Many of the excursions proposed and indicated in the following pages may be accomplished in a single day—rising with the lark, and returning ere night—casts her bonnet mantle around; and, even in instances where, perchance, a second day may be required, the excursionist will find himself well on towards the completion of his prescribed route. If not pressed for time, or by the apprehension of expense, leisure will be often found to double the enjoyment.

FIRST EXCURSION.

We cannot make a happier choice of object for our first "EXCURSION" than

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muses' seats."

Let us start by the earliest train of the Great Western Railway, from Paddington, now the western extremity of the metropolis, but formerly a village from which, within the memory of man, a single stage coach was accustomed to proceed to the City in the morning and return in the afternoon. Such are the extensions of London, and the increase of its population, that about half-a-hundred omnibuses are constantly moving backwards and forwards, in the same route, from 8 o'clock in the morning till 11 or 12 at night.

The minor of Paddington anciently belonged to Westminster Abbey; its property is now in the Bishops of London for the time being. One of the Lords Craven gave a field here, to be used as a burying-place should London ever again be visited by the plague.

To the left is Baywater, westward from which is seen the Hippodrome, the site of which is laid out for building. To the right, almost close to the station, lies Westbourne Green, where, near the bridge leading to Pickering Terrace, the late Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Land Forces, occasionally resided. Here, also, in a small secluded cottage, lived the chief tragic actress of England, Mrs. Siddons.

For a short distance, the Paddington Canal runs nearly by the side of the railway. Close to the Canal, on the right, on the road to Harrow, is the "General," or "Kensal Green" Cemetery, inclosing an area of nearly 50 acres, laid out after the manner of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, at Paris.

Crossing Wormwood (or Wormholt) Scrub, formerly the scene of many a duel, and many a pugilistic contest, we approach Acton, on the left, and next we arrive at Ealing (also on the left), the first station, and 5½ miles from town.

At East Acton are three mineral springs which, about the middle of the last century were in high repute. A mansion, called the Priory, occupies the site of an ancient monastic establishment.

Approaching Ealing, about a mile to the right, are seen *Tuford Abbey and Park*.

At *Great Ealing* are many handsome villas. *Gunnorsbury House*, built in 1603, for the celebrated Sergeant Maynard, and commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect, was occupied for many years by the Princess Amelia, sister of George III., who is said to have expended more than £20,000 on the premises.

About two miles beyond Ealing is the village of *Hanwell*, on the little river Brent, from which Brentford, the county town of Middlesex, takes its name. Here is the second railway station. Hanwell is celebrated by its Asylum for Pauper Lunatics of the County of Middlesex. In this establishment, which is under the care of Dr. Conolly, personal restraint, and coercive treatment of every description, have been most successfully abolished. To procure admission for visitors, a magistrate's order is necessary.—Jonas Hanway, to whose benevolent exertions the country is indebted for the institution of the Marine Society, and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey, was buried in Hanwell church. Hanway, who had travelled in the East, first introduced the use of the umbrella in this country. So strong was the prejudice against this protective companion in a rainy day, that he carried one for two or three years before any persons were found to follow his example.

To the left, crossing the Grand Junction Canal, and almost equidistant from Southall, Brentford, and Hounslow, is *Osterley Park*, a delightful residence of the Earl of Jersey. The park was first inclosed by Sir Thomas Gresham, who also erected a noble edifice, in which he had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth in a truly magnificent style. Of the royal visit, Nichols, in his "Progresses" of that Sovereign, relates the subjoined amusing anecdote:—

"Her Majesty found fault with the court of this house, affirming it would appear more handsome, if divided by a wall in the middle. What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night-time sends for workmen to London, who so speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered the court double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the Queen, next day, was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof. Her courtiers disported themselves with their several expressions; some avowing it was no wonder he could so change a building, who could build a change; others, reflecting on some known differences in the Knight's family, affirmed, that a house is easier divided than united."

The house, a magnificent turreted structure, extending 140 feet from east to west, and 117 from north to south, was rebuilt by Francis Child, Esq., in 1760. The interior, displaying much taste and elegance, was finished by his brother and successor, Robert Child, Esq., father of the late Countess of Westmorland, and grandfather to the present Countess of Jersey, through whom it has come into the family of the Earl of Jersey. On the staircase, is a painting, by Rubens, of the apotheosis of William I., Prince of Orange, assassinated at Delft, in 1584. One of the drawing-rooms is hung with Gobelins tapestry. The state bed-rooms are splendidly furnished. In the picture gallery, 130 feet in length, is a fine collection of paintings by the old masters, and some choice portraits. The library is extensive and valuable.

At *Southall*, 9 miles from town, is the third station. About once in the season, the Queen's stag hounds meet here.

Proceeding from Southall to *West Drayton* (the fourth station, 13 miles from town) we leave *Norwood*, and *Cranford* on the left. In Cranford church is a monument to the memory of Dr. Fuller, the celebrated historian. *Harlington* we also pass on the left. Excepting as a railway station, West Drayton is unimportant.

Less than a mile north of the railway, is *Iwer*, now insignificant, but formerly a market town, deriving its name from Roger d'Iveri, who came over with the Conqueror. Among the funeral monuments in Iwer church—a conspicuous object—is one to the memory of Sir George and Sir Edward Salter, carvers to King Charles I., with the effigies of Lady Mary Salter, the wife of Sir George, rising from her coffin in a shroud.

Just above, are *Delaford House and Park*, formerly the seat of Lord Kilmorey, and afterwards of Sir William Young, Bart., who built a bridge, for the accommodation of the villagers, and also a poor-house.—At *Shreddings Green*, a hamlet of this parish, is *Iwer Grove*, a brick mansion, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, for the widow of Lord Mohun, who was killed (1715) in a duel with James, Duke of Hamilton; to whom, through the treachery of Lord M.'s second, General Macartney, it also proved fatal. The house is now in the occupation of Lady Gambier, relict of Admiral Lord Gambier.

In an opposite direction to Iwer, a short half-mile on the left of the railway, is *Richings Lodge*, the property of the Sullivan family. It occupies the site of Percy Lodge, the residence of Frances, Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, the "Cleora" of Mrs. Rowe, and the patroness to whom Thomson dedicated his poem of "Spring." "It was her practice," observes Dr. Johnson, "to invite, every summer, some poet into the country, to hear her verses, and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends, than assisting her Ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons." The lady was quite right. Shenstone, whose poem of "Rural Elegance" was suggested by a visit to Percy Lodge, remarks that Lady Hertford's letters evince "a perfect rectitude of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and a truly classic ease and elegance of style."

Langley, a scattered village through which the railway runs, has a parochial chapel, subject to the mother church of Wyrardisbury, Bucks. On the right is *Langley Park*, a noble residence, enriched with wood and water, and presenting the most beautiful scenic effects. The mansion, a handsome stone edifice, was erected by one of the Dukes of Marlborough and was afterwards in possession of the Hawley family. It is now the property of Sir Robert Hawley Bateson, Bart. At the northern extremity of the park is an extensive plantation of firs, called the Black Park; which, with its fine lake and sequestered walks, is thought to possess many of the beauties of alpine scenery.

Arriving at the *Slough* station, 18 miles from London, in less than three quarters of an hour, we shall alight from the train, and step into an omnibus, which, for 6d. a-piece, will promptly convey us to Windsor, the grand point of this day's destination. We must pause for a moment however, to remark, that, rather more than a mile north-west of Slough is an object which, from its historical and poetical associations, possesses considerable interest; we mean the village of *Stoke Poges*; a name which it derived from the circumstance of its manor having been carried, in marriage, by Amicia de Stoke to Robert Poges, one of the knights of the shire in the 12th century. It subsequently passed through the families of Molyne, Huntingdon, and Hastings. Edward Lord

Loughborough founded a hospital here, with a chapel in which he was himself interred. Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon, is supposed to have erected the mansion in *Stoke Park*, which afterwards became the seat of the Lord Chancellor Hatton. Sir Edward Coke next resided here, and, in 1601, was honoured with a visit from Queen Elizabeth, whom he entertained sumptuously, and presented with jewels, &c., to the value of £1000. The estate afterwards belonged to Anne Viscountess Cobham, on whose death it was purchased by Mr. Penn, one of the proprietors and founders of Pennsylvania. John Penn, Esq., his successor, took down the ancient mansion, and erected a noble residence on a more elevated site. About 300 yards from the north front of the house stands a handsome fluted column, 68 feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke, by Rosa. He also rebuilt Lord Loughborough's Hospital.—In Lady Cobham's time, Gray, the poet, whose aunt resided in the village, frequently visited Stoke Park, and, in 1747, he made it the scene of his "Long Story," in which the Elizabethan style of architecture is admirably described, and the fantastic manners of its time delineated with equal truth and humour.—The churchyard will ever be deemed interesting as the scene of Gray's immortal elegy. His remains were interred at its eastern end; and, a short time since, a small white marble tablet, indicating the spot, was placed against the wall of the chancel of Stoke Church.—About half a mile from the church is West-end Cottage, the residence of the bard. Having been much altered and improved, it is now an elegant little dwelling. A summer-house, or grotto, and a walnut-tree, alluded to in one of Gray's letters, are still preserved. Some have considered the churchyard of *Upton*, the adjoining parish, to have been the scene of Gray's Elegy. Upton church is an ancient Saxon edifice; and the church-yard is remarkable for its picturesque beauty.

Slough from which we are about to start for Windsor, two miles off, is partly in the parish of Stoke, and partly in that of Upton. It was here that the celebrated Herschel pursued his astronomical researches, through his 40 feet telescope, which measured nearly five feet across, and reflected the light from a concave polished mirror five feet in diameter. (See "Philosophical Transactions" for 1795.) The mechanism of this instrument, and the machinery by which it was elevated, depressed, and turned upon its axis, were greatly admired. Sir William Herschel died in 1822, at the age of 84; and was worthily succeeded by his son, now Sir John Herschel, in the same scientific course.

On the road to Windsor, on the north bank of the Thames, is *Eton College*, founded by Henry VI., in 1440, for the support of a provost and seven fellows, and the education of seventy youths in classical learning. Eton has been the cradle of many of our most eminent poets, statesmen, lawyers, and divines.

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving forth their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

The college, situated in a healthy and fertile valley, consists of two quadrangles; one appropriated to the school, and the lodging of the masters and scholars; the other containing the apartments of the provost and fellows, and also the library, which is called one of the finest in Europe. Amongst other curiosities, are valuable drawings, paintings, and Oriental manuscripts. The chapel is a fine structure, ornamented with large abutments, pinnacles and embrasures; and is similar, in the disposition of its parts, to the chapel of King's College, Cambridge. The College may be viewed by application to one of the persons in attendance.

The *Eton Montem*, which occurs every third year, upon Whit-Tuesday, is a scene of lively interest. The ceremony, supposed to have been coeval with the foundation of the College, and to have originated in the monkish election of the *hairn*, or boy bishop, consists of a procession of the scholars to a small mount, called Salt Hill, near the road to Bath. Its chief object, at present, is to make a collection for the captain of the scholars (generally amounting to £1000 or more) preparatory to his leaving Eton for the University of Cambridge. This is effected by levying contributions on spectators and passengers for "salt," as the term is. Tickets, inscribed with a motto (*mnas pro lege* for instance) are given by way of passport to such as have paid. The procession, partaking somewhat of a mock-military array, is very spirited and showy in effect.

If we choose to alight at Eton, and inspect the College, we may afterwards take a delightful stroll of a couple of miles, through fertile meadows, by the side of the river, and in full view of Windsor Castle, to *Datchet*, the scene of Sir John Falstaff's submersion from the "buck-basket." Hence, without returning we may cross the Thames by a bridge, and enter Windsor Little (or Home) Park, through a turnstile.

Or, if we prefer extending our pedestrian ramble, a walk of half-a-mile will lead us to *Ditton Park* anciently the site of a mansion occupied by Cardinal Wolsey. The park is famed for its old majestic oaks.

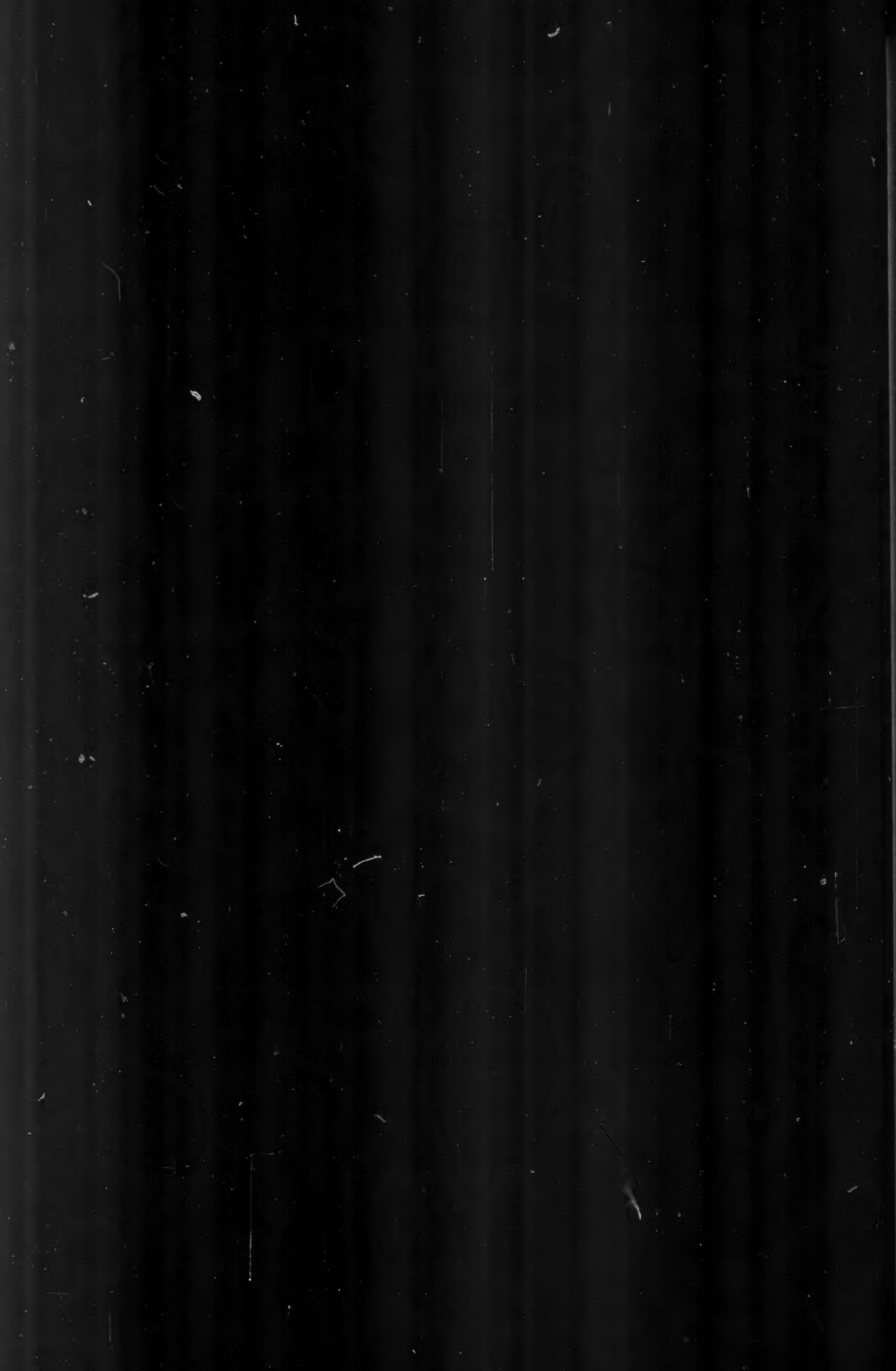
Continuing our route in the omnibus we cross the Thames, by a neat bridge, at Eton, when upon our right is the parish of *Clewer*, comprising part of the town of Windsor. Here is a pretty village church, with a white tapering spire.

We are now at *Windsor*—The Saxon Windles-ofra, or Windleshora, so named from the winding course of the Thames; or, according to Stow and other etymologists, because there was a ferry here, at which the boat was managed by a rope and a pole, and the passengers were accustomed to call out, "Wind us over!" Others say, because the place "lies high and open to the weather, and the wind is sore."

MISS MARTINEAU ON MESMERISM.

Tynemouth, Nov. 28, 1844.

Many persons suppose that when the truth, use, and beauty of Mesmerism are established, all is settled; that no further ground remains for a rejection of it. My own late experience, and my observation of what is passing abroad, convince me that this is a mistake. I know that there are many who admit the truth and function of Mesmerism, who yet discountenance it. I know that the repudiation of it is far more extensive than the denial. It gives me pain to hear this fact made the occasion of contemptuous remark, as it is too often by such as know Mesmerism to be true. The repudiation I speak of proceeds



from minds of a high order; and their superstition (if superstition it be) should be encountered with better weapons than the arrogant compassion which I have heard expressed.

I own I have less sympathy with those who throw down their facts before the world, and then despise all who will not be in haste to take them up, than with some I know of, who would seriously rather suffer to any extent, than have recourse to relief which they believe unauthorized; who would rather that a mystery remained sacred than have it divulged for their own benefit; who tell me to my face that they would rather see me sent back to my couch of pain than witness any tampering with the hidden things of Providence. There is a sublime rectitude of sentiment here, which commands and wins one's reverence and sympathy; and if the facts of the history and condition of Mesmerism would bear out the sentiment, no one would more cordially respond to it than I—no one would have been more scrupulous about procuring recovery by such means—no one would have recoiled with more fear and disgust from the work of making known what I have experienced and learned. But I am persuaded that a knowledge of existing facts clears up the duty of the case, so as to prove that the sentiment must, while preserving all its veneration and tenderness, take a new direction, for the honour of God and the safety of man.

Granting to all who wish that the powers and practice of Mesmerism (for which a better name is sadly wanted) are as old as man and society; that from age to age there have been endowments and functions sacred from popular use, and therefore committed by providential authority to the hands of a sacred class; that the existence of mysteries ever has been, and probably must ever be, essential to the spiritual welfare of man; that there should ever be a powerful sentiment of sanctity investing the subject of the ulterior powers of immortal beings in their mortal state; that it is extremely awful to witness, and much more to elicit, hidden faculties, and to penetrate by their agency into regions of knowledge otherwise unattainable:—admitting all these things, still the facts of the present condition of Mesmerism in this country, and on two continents, leave, to those who know them, no doubt of the folly and sin of turning away from the study of the subject. It is no matter of choice whether the subject shall remain sacred—a deposit of inviolability in the hands of the Church—as it was in the Middle Ages, and as the Pope and many Protestants would have it still. The Pope has issued an edict against the study and practice of Mesmerism in his dominions; and there are some members of the Church of England who would have the same suppression attempted by means of ecclesiastical and civil law at home. But for this it is too late: the knowledge and practice are all abroad in society; and they are no more to be reclaimed than the waters, when out in floods, can be gathered back into reservoirs. The only effect of such prohibitions would be to deter from the study of Mesmerism the very class who should assume its administration, and to drive disease, compassion, and curiosity into holes and corners to practise as a sin what is now done openly and guiltlessly, however recklessly, through an ignorance for which the educated are responsible. The time is past for facts of natural philosophy to be held at discretion by priesthoods; for any facts which concern all human beings to be a deposit in the hands of any social class. Instead of reenacting the scenes of old—setting up temples with secret chambers, oracles, and miraculous ministrations—instead of reviving the factitious sin and cruel penalties of witchcraft, (all forms assumed by mesmeric powers and faculties in different times,) instead of exhibiting false mysteries in an age of investigation, it is clearly our business to strip false mysteries of their falseness, in order to secure due reverence to the true, of which there will ever be no lack. Mystery can never fail while man is finite: his highest faculties of faith will, through all time and all eternity, find ample exercise in waiting on truths above his ken: there will ever be in advance of the human soul a region "dark through excess of light;" while all labour spent on surrounding clear facts with artificial mystery is just so much profane effort spent in drawing minds away from the genuine objects of faith. And look at the consequences! Because philosophers will not study the facts of that mental rapport which takes place in Mesmerism, whereby the mind of the ignorant often gives out in echo the knowledge of the informed, we have claims of inspiration springing up right and left. Because medical men will not study the facts of the mesmeric trance nor ascertain the extremes of its singularities, we have tales of Estaticas, and of sane men going into the Tyrol and elsewhere to contend, late, as a sign from heaven, what their physicians ought to be able to report of at home as natural phenomena easily producible in certain states of disease. Because physiologists and mental philosophers will not attend to facts from whose vastness they pusillanimously shrink, the infinitely delicate mechanism and organization of brain, nerves and mind are thrown as a toy into the hands of children and other ignorant persons, and of the base. What, again, can follow from this but the desecration, in the eyes of the many, of things which ought to command their reverence? What becomes of really divine inspiration when the commonest people find they can elicit marvels of prevision and insight? What becomes of the veneration for religious contemplation when Estaticas are found to be at the command of very unallowed—wholly unauthorized hands? What becomes of the respect in which the medical profession ought to be held, when the friends of the sick and suffering, with their feelings all alive, see the doctor's skill and science overborne and set aside by means at the command of an ignorant neighbour,—means which are all ease and pleasantness? How can the profession hold its dominion over minds, however backed by law and the opinion of the educated, when the vulgar see and know that limbs are removed without pain, in opposition to the will of doctors, and in spite of their denial of the facts? What avails the decision of a whole College of Surgeons that such a thing could not be, when a whole town full of people know that it was? Which must succumb, the learned body or the fact? Thus are objects of reverence desecrated, not sanctified, by attempted restriction of truth, or of research into it. Thus are human passions and human destinies committed to reckless hands, for sport or abuse. No wonder if somnambules are made into fortune-tellers,—no wonder if they are made into prophets of fear, malice, and revenge, by reflecting in their somnambulism the fear, malice, and revenge of their questioners;—no wonder if they are made even ministers of death, by being led from sick-bed to sick-bed in the dim and dreary alleys of our towns, to declare which of the sick will recover, and which will die! Does any one suppose that powers so popular, and now so diffused, can be interdicted by law—such oracles silenced by the reserve of the squeamish,—such appeals to human passions hushed, in an age of universal communication, by the choice of a class or two to be themselves dumb? No: this is not the way. It is terribly late to be setting about choosing a way, but something must be done; and that something is clearly for those whose studies and art relate to the human frame to take up, earnestly and avowedly, the investigation of this weighty matter:—to take its practice into their own hands, in virtue of the irresistible claim of qualification. When they become the wisest and the most skilful in the administration of Mesmerism, others, even the most reckless vulgar, will no more

think of interfering than they now do of using the lancet, or operating on the eye. Here, as elsewhere, knowledge is power. The greater knowledge will ever insure the superior power. At present, the knowledge of Mesmerism, superficial and scanty as it is, is out of the professional pale. When it is excelled by that which issues from within the professional pale, the remedial and authoritative power will reside where it ought; and not till then. These are the chief considerations which have caused me to put forth these letters in this place;—an act which may seem rash to all who are unaware of the extent of the popular knowledge and practice of Mesmerism. The *Athenaeum* is not likely to reach the ignorant classes of our towns; and if it did, the cases I have related would be less striking to them than numbers they have learned by the means of itinerant Mesmerists. The *Athenaeum* does reach large numbers of educated and professional men; and I trust some of them may possibly be aroused to consideration of the part it behoves them to take.

As for the frequent objection brought against inquiry into Mesmerism, that there should be no countenance of an influence which gives human beings such power over one another, I really think a moment's reflection, and a very slight knowledge of Mesmerism, would supply both the answers which the objection requires. First, it is too late, as I have said above; the power is abroad, and ought to be guided and controlled. Next, this is but one addition to the powers we have over one another already; and a far more slow and difficult one than many which are safely enough possessed. Every apothecary's shop is full of deadly drugs—every workshop is full of deadly weapons—wherever we go, there are plenty of people who could knock us down, rob and murder us; wherever we live there are plenty of people who could defame and ruin us. Why do they not? Because moral considerations deter them. Then bring the same moral considerations to bear on the subject of Mesmerism. If the fear is of laying victims prostrate in trance, and exercising spells over them, the answer is, that this is done with infinitely greater ease and certainty by drugs than it can ever be by Mesmerism; by drugs which are to be had in every street. And as sensible people do not let narcotic drugs lie about in their houses, within reach of the ignorant and mischievous, so would they see that Mesmerism was not practised without witnesses and proper superintendence. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that Mesmerism can be used at will to strike down victims, helpless and unconscious, as laudanum does, except in cases of excessive susceptibility from disease; cases which are, of course, under proper ward. The concurrence of two parties is needful in the first place, which is not the case in the administration of narcotics: and then the practice is very uncertain in its results on most single occasions; and again, in the majority of instances, it appears that the intellectual and moral powers are more, and not less, vigorous than in the ordinary state. As far as I have any means of judging, the highest faculties are seen in their utmost perfection during the mesmeric sleep; the innocent are stronger in their rectitude than ever, rebuking levity, reproving falsehood and flattery, and indignantly refusing to tell secrets, or say or do anything they ought not; while the more faulty then confess their sins, and grieve over and ask pardon for their offences. The volitions of the Mesmerist may actuate the movements of the patient's limbs, and suggest the material of his ideas; but they seem unable to touch his *morale*. In this state the *morale* appears supreme, as it is rarely found in the ordinary condition. If this view is mistaken, if it is founded on too small a collection of facts, let it be brought to the test and corrected. Let the truth be ascertained and established; for it cannot be extinguished, and it is too important to be neglected.

And now one word of respectful and sympathizing accent to those reverent and humble spirits who painfully question men's right to exercise faculties whose scope is a new region of insight and foresight. They ask whether to use these faculties be not to encroach on holy ground, to trespass on the precincts of the future and higher life. May I inquire of these, in reply, what they conceive to be the divinely appointed boundary of our knowledge and our powers? Can they establish, or indicate, any other boundary than the limit of the knowledge and powers themselves? Has not the attempt to do so failed from age to age? Is it not the most remarkable feature of the progress of Time that, in banding over the future into the past, he transmutes its material, incessantly and without pause, converting what truth was mysterious, fearful, impious to glance at, into that which is safe, beautiful and beneficent to contemplate and use,—a clearly consecrated gift from the Father of all to the children who seek the light of his countenance? Where is his pleasure to be ascertained but in the ascertainment of what he gives and permits, in the proof and verification of what powers he has bestowed on us, and what knowledge he has placed within our reach? While regarding with shame all pride of intellect, and with fear the presumption of ignorance, I deeply feel that the truest humility is evinced by those who most simply accept and use the talents placed in their hands; and that the most childlike dependence upon the Creator appears in those who fearlessly apply the knowledge he discloses to the furtherance of that great consecrated object, the welfare of the family of man.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

A RUN DOWN THE RAPIDS.

There are three ways of getting from Kingston to this place: that most frequently adopted is by the St. Lawrence, which is navigated by steamers, except in those parts where it is broken by rapids; these are passed in stages, over roads as uneven as the water which runs alongside. Another route is by the Ottawa river and Rideau canal; it is considerably larger than the former, and at this season of the year not very tempting, as many of the lakes through which it is necessary to pass swarm with mosquitoes, which invariably pay strangers the most assiduous attention.

Having already travelled both these routes, I was glad of an opportunity to try the third, the rapids, which presented the charms of novelty and excitement; so on Thursday last, at two p.m. I found myself and baggage under weigh in the steamer Charlotte, seventeen horse-power; a Lilliputian compared with the ordinary lake and river boats, but capable of affording stowage for a considerable number of passengers and a valuable cargo of flour. This was formerly the only route either for ascending or descending the river; but of late years, since the introduction of steamboats, the other routes have been opened, and the old method, the barges, has been abandoned.

On leaving Kingston, we entered the lake of the Thousand Islands, which number, I imagine, they greatly exceed. In size, they vary from rocks just large enough to support a single bush, to islands of several miles in extent. The greater number are granite rocks, which rise abruptly from the water; but others are nearly flat; and all are thickly covered with stunted trees and bushwood. I have had the good fortune to see them in nearly every season, and under a variety of circumstances; but would recommend, as the most favourable period for visiting this fairy region, a still evening in autumn, when the leaf begins to change, and the bright red of the maple mingles with the

green of the more hardy brethren of the forest. It was here that the pirate Bill Johnson established his head-quarters during the disturbances of 1838-39, and where he continued to elude every attempt that was made to take him—a fact which will not surprise those who have once passed through this labyrinth of rocks.

I was here a good deal amused at an instance which showed that the feeling of contempt we all know a seaman entertains for a *fresh-water sailor* is amply returned. As the evening advanced, one of the sailors came up to the helmsman and told him he might 'go below,' then addressing me, he said, 'that chap's a *salt-water sailor*, and takes a deal of elbow-room, so it don't do to put him at the helm after dark.'

Soon after leaving the Thousand Islands, Brockville appeared on the north, or Canadian side of the river. This is a well-situated village, perhaps I should say town, and one of the prettiest in the country. When passing this part of the river on a former occasion, I heard a circumstance which would lead one to conclude that a considerable change had taken place in the climate. A gentleman told me that when his father settled there, about sixty years before, all the produce was taken to Kingston on the ice; but that late years it has not been considered safe to travel at all upon that part of the river during the winter. Whether this change is to be attributed to cultivation, or to some other cause, I leave to the scientific to decide.

As we were anxious to see all of the principal rapids, which we expected to approach by daybreak, we retired early to our berths, formed of shelves fastened to the sides of the cabin, which during the daytime were taken down, and stowed away. Our party appeared on deck soon after four next morning, and we found ourselves approaching the 'Long Sault.' An island divides the river here into two channels; that on the American side is alone navigated; and the occasional peeps which we had of the other, satisfied us that, if we had not chosen the most picturesque, we had at least taken that which was the least dangerous. The Long Sault is nine miles in length; the south channel for the most part runs between steep and thickly-wooded banks, the water running smoothly, though rapidly; occasionally there is a little hubbub, but not sufficient to alarm the most timid voyager. Barges are sometimes wrecked on this rapid, being forced on shore by the current when passing some of the short turns which so frequently occur in this channel.

After passing this rapid, we entered lake St. Francis, a shallow lake, with flat banks, and a few rushy islands. To the south may be seen some of the high lands in the state of New York, which make a picturesque of what would otherwise be a most monotonous scene. We have also got into the French country, and could distinguish the small whitewashed houses of the Canadians. At Coteau-du-lac we took in a pilot, the most dangerous rapids being below this place. The first, the Coteau rapid, was passed without danger or difficulty; and though the water was foaming all around us, we threaded through where it was comparatively smooth.

The next rapid, the Cedars, is very dangerous on account of its shallowness. The rocks are easily discernible by the change of colour in the water, which appears of a reddish hue. When approaching the most dangerous part, the engine was stopped for about a minute. The channel here passed over rocks; and there being but a few inches between the bed of the river and the bottom of the vessel, the slightest error in steering would cause certain destruction. This rapid is something less than three miles in length, and the fall thirty-two feet: the distance was run in eight minutes. The next rapid, the Cascades, was more boisterous than any we had yet passed through; the steamer bent like a rod; but as there was plenty of water, and no rocks, there was no cause for alarm. At the bottom of this rapid the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers meet, but do not unite; the clear green of the St. Lawrence contrasts advantageously with the reddish slate colour of the Ottawa; the line dividing their waters is perfectly distinct, and as straight as if drawn with a ruler.

We now took in an Indian to pilot us down the Lachine rapids: he came off in a canoe with several others from the Indian village of Caugnawaga, the only striking feature of which is a church, with a glittering *tin* spire. The rapids we were now approaching are by far the most boisterous on the river, and the most difficult to navigate; though, with a skilful pilot, they are perhaps less dangerous than the Cedars, as there is plenty of water in the channel, the only difficulty being to keep within it. As we approached, the passengers were made to sit down, that they might not intercept the view of the pilot. The Indian and three others stood to the helm; the current became more and more rapid, but was still smooth; the engine was eased—then stopped; we saw the breakers under the bows—a sudden plunge, and we were in the midst of them. Rocks appeared on every side, and it seemed impossible that we could escape driving upon some of them. Suddenly the helmsman sprang across the vessel, which as quickly obeyed the directing power. This, however, seemed but a momentary respite, as others, equally menacing, appeared directly before us; but these were also skilfully avoided, and we passed them without injury. The water was in the greatest possible state of agitation: rushing with fearful rapidity, it is intercepted by rocks, which causes it to boil and foam as if raging at the opposition they offer to its course. The vessel is hurried along by the current, and knocked about in every possible way by the irregular sea which is produced by the diversity of currents. One of the boatmen, who was sitting near me on the deck, appeared highly excited; he half raised himself by resting on one hand, watched the course the boat was taking with an expression of the most intense anxiety, and turning each moment to the helm, appeared ready to spring to it, as if he feared the four men already at it would not be able to move it quick enough. He was an old man, who knew the channel, and was consequently well aware how much depended on the skilful management of the helm. The Indians pass these rapids in canoes: a few years since one was upset, and several persons drowned—a circumstance which will not surprise any one who has once gone down them; it is far more surprising that any who attempt to pass them in such a manner should do so in safety.

This route will probably become very popular, as all idea of danger has already nearly vanished. At present, it takes about twenty-four hours to perform the distance (200 miles); but with boats of greater power, it might be done in nearly half that time.

Montreal, Sept., 1843.

Yours, L. P. D.

RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

We became anxious, the next day, [in 1815] to discover, from having arrived at night, whether our preconceived ideas of Paris were to be realised. We went down the Rue St. Thomas, and had arrived nearly at the entrance of the Palais Royale, when we saw Robert Heathcote, with his gaitered and gouty legs, going in the direction of the Rue St. Honoré. No man of those days was better known than Heathcote; all who were west-end men, from St. James

to the tennis-court, must have him in memory; who of the gay and fashionable did not know "Bob Heathcote," as his intimate friends called him? He was one of the best-natured men alive—one who had been of the acquaintance, among others more distinguished, of the Prince Regent. Unfortunately, his propensity for play was uncontrollable—a propensity most probably acquired in the particular society with which he had mingled, among the dissipated who formed the prince's circle,—from most other fashionable follies he was free. He had a frank, generous heart, and the bearing and spirit of a true gentleman. He fell in love with a Columbine at one of the theatres, Miss Searle, whom he married. His affairs being disarranged, he went over to reside at Havre. He had just come to Paris to receive some money, of which we found he had already lost a portion at play. He died in 1823. George IV. sent for a collection of trinkets Heathcote had possessed, particularly snuff-boxes, and we believe purchased some of them for a short-lived possession in his turn. Our meeting was peculiarly agreeable at that moment. We walked on together towards the Tuileries, and had not gone far before we met the Duke of Wellington on horseback, attended, as usual, by only a single servant; the Duke recognised Heathcote at once, and invited him to a ball which he was about to give in a day or two afterwards. Heathcote held up his gouty leg to indicate how ill he was qualified for a dancer. "Ah, Bob, hell-table, hell-table!" observed the Duke, as he rode away, Heathcote laughing heartily at this reproach of his besetting sin.

Paris was then the residence of the Duke of Wellington, and, if we recollect rightly, his house was near the Champs Elysees. A French captain's guard was stationed there, for whom a cover was laid at the ducal table. It was reported that, when the late King of Prussia was in Paris, *incognito* as the Count de Rappin, he dined one day with the Duke, and was met by Louis XVIII.—This last monarch or some of his attendants were said to have objected to the officer dining at the same table with his sovereign, covers being laid for not more than half a dozen; it was said too, that the Duke would not listen to this sentiment of the *ancien régime*, and that the officer retained his place. The King of Prussia came one day and breakfasted at a little kiosk kept by a restaurateur in the garden of the Tuileries, where we happened to be; we were the only persons there. There was not half-a-dozen at that time in the whole garden, it being early in the morning. We did not know the stranger's rank. His majesty had breakfasted, and was taking his departure, before any one who passed outside recognised him; he was a plain, unassuming man, with no indications of superiority to the common average of intellectual endowment, at least in the character of his physiognomy.

Louis XVIII. made dining an object of the first importance. The stories of his gourmandise are numerous, when in England, an exile, he would daily insist on seeing the fowls alive that were designed for his table, and on examining into their plumpness himself. The caustic remark of Talleyrand upon the journal which the King published of his escape from Paris is upon record: "It was a journal of his fears and his bills of fare, his bills of fare and his fears." The last time we ever saw him, he passed us in an open carriage as we were crossing the Place Vendôme. He was of frightful bulk, seeming to enlarge rapidly from the knees upward, in one formless mass of flesh and integument. We never saw in humanity a more uncouth development of the body, from the effects, no doubt, of his favourite indulgence in eating. It was the opinion of some that Louis XVIII. was fond of reading: one of the *garde de corps*, a young Irishman, being asked if this was the case by a friend of ours, desired him to come to the Tuileries the next day, when he should be there upon duty, and he would show him the royal library. The invitation was accepted; the young *garde de corps* led the way to a place which commanded a view of one of the lower apartments, where there was a cook in a white dress spitting larks—"That is the king's library," said the young soldier; "I know no other nearer than the Rue Richelieu,"—referring to the great national library of France.

We once saw the royal gourmand, in the character of a soldier, reviewing troops for the first time; Louis was comfortably seated in a caleche, accompanied by her whom Napoleon used to style the only man of the family, the Duchess of Angoulême. The marshals of France, who had led the French armies to victory under a different ruler, were all there. On the ground were twelve battalions of French guards, three Swiss regiments of cuirassiers, with chasseurs, dragoons, lancers, and hussars of the line; a regiment of hussars of the line, and six departmental legions, besides horse and foot artillery; in all, above twenty thousand men. The Duke of Wellington and King of Prussia, we were told, were on the ground *incognito*. The King of France and the members of the royal family remained on the right flank. We were much struck with the rapidity of the fire of the artillery, which seemed to be a very perfect military arm in the French service. We shall not easily forget the dust and warmth of that day. Paris, in the height of summer, has a degree of heat at times perfectly tropical.

At this review was Sir Sidney Smith, whom we had met long before in England. His brother, Mr. Spencer Smith, we had known almost from the time of his arrival from Constantinople, where he had been *chargé d'affaires*. Sir Sidney was distinguished at that time by his leading a grey horse about the streets, upon the back of which we never once saw him mounted; he was peculiar for the smartness of his dress, wearing a claret-coloured coat with gold buttons. Sir Sidney's merits were never duly appreciated by the ministry under which he was employed; he was too chivalrous for cabinet men and officials at home; they disliked him, and he had no love for them; he saw much further than they did. His agreement with the French for the evacuation of Egypt, which Lord Keith rescinded on his arrival, was represented to Sir Sidney's disadvantage at home. What was the result but that, after a most expensive expedition from England, the blood shed in two or three sanguinary contests, with the death of Abercromby and the expense of a second army sent from India,—after all these useless sacrifices, the French obtained terms very little more to their disadvantage than Sir Sidney had granted. Sir Sidney's mind was extremely active; simple and straightforward, his imagination was continually at work. His simplicity of character was afterwards put to the test somewhat ludicrously by a wag who, we believe, was never discovered. Lord Exmouth had achieved the victory at Algiers. So n after this a packet reached Paris, purporting to come directly from his holiness the pope to Sir Sidney, who had been endeavouring for some time previously to form an order of knights whose object should be the rescue of Christians from Moorish slavery. The letter expressed the high gratification of the pope at hearing of Sir Sidney's humane efforts; further, that Lord Exmouth having sent to him, his holiness, the key of the dungeons of Algiers, the pope had thought he could not do better than request so great a friend to humanity as Sir Sidney to accept it as a proper pendant to his projected scheme for exterminating slavery, to be kept in the archives of; the order of knighthood. His holiness also requested, in addition, Sir Sidney's acceptance of three of the orders of Knight-

hood of the golden spur, one for himself, the two others for whomsoever he, Sir Sidney, might deem most worthy of them.

Sir Sidney's brave and open heart at once swallowed the bait, that seemed to flatter the object he had in contemplation. Of deceit or hoax he never dreamed. He sent off one of the two orders of the golden spur to the French prime minister, the Duke de Richelieu. We forget to whom he offered the other, or whether he offered it to any one at all. The Duke de Richelieu called upon Sir Sidney, soon after he received the present, to express his belief that the chivalrous sailor had been imposed upon. The whole turned out a hoax, as might be expected. Neither the letter, key, nor insignia of the golden spur, had been beyond the barrier of Paris.

The reader must pardon our discursiveness. We must be permitted to jump from Dan to Beersheba, if we find ourselves tempted. To go back to our first day's adventure, we returned to the Palais Royale to dinner. It then bore a different aspect from what it does at present; it was, if possible, more chequered and varied. It exhibited a medley that rose higher and sank lower, that took in every respect a wider range. Louis XVIII. shot up some of its scenes of nocturnal dissipation, and Louis Philippe improved it both externally and internally. We adjourned to the Trois Freres Provençaux to dinner. In the same room were individuals in every costume of the civilised world. The house was renowned for its cookery and its excellent Volnay. After dinner we adjourned to a new café, styled the Café des Circassiens. All Paris flocked to the novelty of a handsome room, fitted up tastefully in the Eastern style, in which the waiters were females, attired in Circassian dresses, bearing names of Eastern derivation, all beginning with the last letter of the alphabet, as Zaïde, Zobeïde, and the like. Here we took our coffee, and sat until compelled by the heat to adjourn into the open air; and, finally, to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where we agreed to breakfast with one of Heathcote's friends the next day at ten.

We kept our appointment, but found on our arrival that our host was not up. We entered his sitting-room. There was a stranger seated in the middle, apparently in a state of perfect abstraction. He seemed not to have noticed our entrance for a few moments; when he did observe us, seeing we were strangers, he rose up. We begged him civilly enough not to disturb himself and leave the room upon our account. He muttered something, we scarcely understood what, "that he was just going," and we saw him no more, as he went immediately out of the room.

It is the inevitable consequence of devotion to play that it subjects those upon whom it fastens to the worst society—to meet, upon equal terms, the scum and dregs of mankind. High or low, well-bred or villainously vulgar—all gamblers are hail-fellow-well-met companions. The person of whom we have just spoken was a square-built man about forty years of age, strong-made, tall, with a sullen, determined expression of features, that in themselves were neither remarkably good nor peculiarly ill-looking; he had dark hair and eyes; his complexion was pallid; his forehead low, broad, and indicative of firmness, though his features were somewhat elongated. Perhaps the gloomy or sullen expression that we remarked on his countenance was enhanced by the remorse under which he was labouring at that moment. Still there was great compression indicated about the head, announcing, with the character of his entire frame, a certain determination of purpose which could not be mistaken. It was visible to us at a glance, so that we spoke of it at the time; nor could we fail to remark his powerful muscular development. He wore a green coat, but we do not recollect how otherwise he was dressed.

"Who was that sulky-looking fellow sitting in your room?" we asked of our friend.

He replied,—

"He is a gentleman of Lincolnshire, who has been some time in Paris. He is at present in an awkward predicament, having squandered away all he possessed. He came here to solicit my interference with a creditor."

We subsequently learned that the creditor was a bootmaker, named Astley who had been involved in some political troubles, or charged with seditious practices in England, and had come to France, where he carried on his trade with success, and was said to be worth 20,000*fr.* It appeared that he had discounted a bill for the party whom we had just seen, which no means had been provided to meet. Astley agreed to advance the money to take up the bill and save the credit of the acceptor, on the assurance that all would be made right in the end, and handed the money over for the purpose, when, in place of taking up the bill, every shilling was carried to the gaming-table and lost.—This man was, four or five years afterwards, the conspirator Thistlewood! It was the only time we ever saw him; but no one could have seen him and not said there was the material for a desperate work—the instrument for any daring act. Our exclamation about him is fully expressive of the impression he made at first sight. Though the idea of the man was unfavourable, we could then little imagine the extreme of his character, still less could we guess the nature of his exit several years afterwards in his own country by the hand of justice. Being, we judged, a man of mediocre intellect, such as is generally the case with those whose physical organisation and bold, unreflective mind adapt them for desperate acts, we do not believe that any political motive urged him to the crime which he expiated with his life. The wildness of his plans proved this view to be correct. He was not enthusiastic enough to feel a patriotic impulse, nor had he judgment to appreciate the good or evil of a political struggle. He was a man of fierce passions, indomitable determination, unchecked by moral feeling, and rendered reckless by his necessitous circumstances. He was further urged by hatred to Lord Sidmouth, who, for some reason—we forget what—had subjected him to a long imprisonment. Had he been placed amid the agitation of a revolution, he would never have risen beyond the bad eminence of a leading assassin.

We found our table-d'hôte remarkably pleasant. The conversation of so many foreigners was novel and instructive, while it tended to remove that reserve, and in some respects, we fear we must add, that contemptible feeling which Englishmen, so long cut off from continental intercourse, cherished too much towards foreigners. A Frenchman, on my alluding to Robespierre, said he had twice seen him. He twice took letters to him from the Convention. He entered the Tuileries, and proceeded to where Robespierre was to be found. A sentinel was pacing backward and forward on the landing-place of the staircase, who did not challenge him, and he passed on through several apartments. At last he came suddenly upon a room with the door a little open, where the tyrant was seated at a table, on which he rested his elbows, his chin upon his hands. He seemed wholly abstracted, neither spoke nor moved until he saw a stranger nearly close to him; he then started, and hurriedly demanded, "What do you do here?" "I have a letter for you citizen." Robespierre took the letter, beat it on the table, and shook it several times, as if he feared there was some poisonous powder within; he then perused its contents. After this, looking apprehensively at the bearer, he inquired by what

means he had found his way into that apartment without being announced.—Upon explaining that no one had challenged him, the tyrant ordered him to be searched. Fortunately he had not even a penknife in his pocket, or he might have paid for his thoughtless intrusion with his life. He was sent a second time with a message to Robespierre, whom he met muffled up close in a cloak just going out. The gloomy satrap of the Reign of Terror bade him follow, not seeming inclined to take the letter in public, or not desiring at that moment to be recognised. He proceeded after Robespierre into the Rue St. Denis, where they entered a miserable looking house, and then mounted the stairs. At the top was a sentry, who called out, "Qui vive?" Robespierre passed on. "A letter for the citizen Robespierre," was the reply made to the sentry, who desired the letter to be given him. On receiving it, he entered a room, leaving the door ajar. It was a large apartment, and an apparently elegant table with many covers were laid out within, not at all comporting with the exterior appearance of the house. The sentry soon came out again, with the reply that an answer should be sent by citizen Robespierre to-morrow. This was probably one of the orgies of the monster and his friends, who were then deluging France in blood.

There was one individual, at least, alive in 1816-17, who had been on the sanguinary jury of Fouquier Tinville, the public prosecutor of the revolutionary tribunal, though all were supposed to have met the doom they merited.—He was then a *concierger*, or porter, at a private house, a shoemaker by trade, aged fifty-five, although he looked full seventy. He had mild blue eyes, which were seldom seen, for he scarcely ever looked up when spoken to; never if he had any work before him, which formed an excuse for retaining the position which shame and remorse had made habitual. Hour after hour of the day, his chin on his bosom, as if the light of heaven were distasteful, he replied in monosyllables to the inquiries of those who addressed him. The enthusiasm of active guilt had passed away, and the slow suffering of a tortured spirit had come in its place. There was a deluge of blood over his conscience; his life was a prolonged misery, a continued pain, a living hell, the suffering from which he knew no abatement, aggravated as it must have been continually by the accumulating execrations heaped upon the actors in the horrible scenes of which he had been a partaker. The payment of Fouquier Tinville, that mirror of public prosecutors, to the jury was six francs a-day.

Twenty-eight years ago there were alive many who had passed through the troubled times of the revolution, and to whom some of its fearful narratives were fresh in recollection. Now full half a century has gone by, and swept away most of those who could tell its tale, that were old enough to judge its causes or share in its perils. The convulsions which shook the throne of Europe to their foundations is already become a matter of history rather than of personal relation from ocular testimony. Among those with whom we became acquainted in Paris was Count Scipion du Roure, an individual advanced in years, of superior attainments, but whose early life it was evident had been passed in the dissipation and profligate habits of the old Bourbon monarchy. He was, by his mother's side, of the race of the Bolingbrokes in England, and inherited property here through that relationship.

This property consisted, we believe, wholly of some of those houses in Bond Street which go back to others in Albemarle Street. When the war of 1793 took place, the count was cut off from the receipt of any pecuniary advantage from the property, up to the time when we first saw him. A large sum in rents must have accumulated, of which the count as yet knew nothing certain. The whole had been confided to the care of the late Mr. Oliver Cromwell, an eminent solicitor, who, whether alive or dead, was at this time unknown to Du Roure. We had occasion to come over for a few weeks to London, and undertook to make the inquiry, whether Mr. Cromwell was alive, and where he was to be found. We discovered that he had retired from business to Cheshunt, where, with what truth we know not, we heard he had obtained possession of the property held by Richard Cromwell, the son of the Protector of England; that he had a daughter married to a Mr. Russell there, who had applied to take the name of his father-in-law, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, already mentioned, but that Lord Castlereagh, to whom the application had been made, had bluntly refused leave. We returned to Paris, and then communicated the fact of Mr. Cromwell's being alive to the count. We heard no more of the matter from himself, but we were told, several years afterwards, that Mr. Cromwell had most honourably fulfilled his trust—that Du Roure had come to England, received his property, and, dying immediately afterwards here, it had gone to, we believe, an only son; but of this we personally know nothing, not having seen Du Roure after we finally quitted Paris.

The count was an Orleanist in the time of the Revolution. We were told this by himself. He said that the Duke of Orleans was made out a much worse man than he was in reality. At that time there was little consideration of family feeling among the Bourbon princes. The Duke of Orleans had taken part with Neckar against the court at the breaking out of the Revolution. "He had been in England," said Du Roure, "where he had become intimate with some of the English princes. After his return he was more opposed to the court party—that party which caused the irresolution of the king and the consequent discovery which finally occasioned the unfortunate end of that amiable but weak-minded monarch—that his word could not be relied upon." The duke said that he had seen in England what liberty was enjoyed by the king's sons. "Here am I," said he, "the richest individual in France, who cannot take my horse and ride beyond the barriers of Paris but I must undergo the tyranny of sending to ask leave of the king, even if he is at Versailles." It was this kind of feeling, the count said, which first led the Duke of Orleans to take a part in the revolution, and it is very probably correct—no one plunges into the depths of wickedness at once. He found himself entrained up to a certain point, where it was impossible to stop, but he was of little moment in the early events of that drama. His friends, Du Roure assured us, were not numerous. This is confirmed in Mignet's history, which did not appear until ten years after we had this conversation with Du Roure. Mignet says, that in the assembly "he voted with the majority, not the majority with him." Again, "he had neither the endowments nor faults of a conspirator." The count was afraid of him, and he might have aided some popular movement which would have happened without him, but his elevation was never an object of the time, nor, probably, of himself, up to the period of Mirabeau's death. After that event, it could not have been dreamed of by any. The other French princes, when the court measures had failed for re-establishing arbitrary rule, left the king to weather the storm they had assisted in raising, and quitted France. Du Roure was imprisoned in St. Lazare, and was saved from death by the fall of Robespierre. He saw the younger Robespierre brought into the same prison from whence, but two days before, the well-known Prussian Baron Trenck, who had for some time lived in Paris, in the Rue de Clichy, was conducted to the guillotine. Trenck was guillotined

in the 25th of July, 1794, and both the Robespierres on the 28th of the same month.

As the adventures of Baron Trenck have been read by every body, we may as well mention the account of his death and its immediate cause, which are, we believe, wholly unknown in England. Trenck would have escaped by the fall of Robespierre, but he was a busy temper; to remain quiet in any position did not seem to belong to the man's nature.

"He was," said Du Rouré, "the greatest liar I ever knew. To that, his favourite propensity, he owed his fate. Our hope of escape in the prison was to remain unnoticed by the gaoler, and await events. Upon the least complaint, the order from the authorities was *à la mort*, sometimes without the ceremony of a trial. The prisoners were numerous, and for some days a rumour had been circulated among them, and continually kept up, as if with fresh information, that the Prussians were marching upon Paris, carrying all before them. We knew of nothing certain that went on outside the prison-walls, and were not without hopes that this intelligence was correct. Still we were puzzled to discover how such information could be promulgated amongst us, as it thus was, early every morning, with some new addition. This prevalent topic of conversation, it seems, had, with its daily additions, reached the ears of the gaoler, who caused the gates of the prison to be closed to ingress or egress until the day was far advanced, in order to try whether any fresh news thus circulated came from without or was concocted within the walls. Trenck that morning circulated some additional particulars about the Prussians' vicinity to Paris, which were traced to him through those to whom he had communicated them, with the addition, that his information was certain, for he had just received it, which was impossible. He was thus caught in circulating false rumours, complained of by the gaoler, and lost his head by the guillotine, near the Barrier du Trône. He was buried, with the other victims of that sanguinary period, in a spot of ground not more than thirty feet square, in the corner of the garden of the canonesses of St. Augustine, near the ancient village of Picpus, now inclosed in the Fauxbourg Antoine. In this spot, not more than thirty feet square, no less than 1298 bodies, victims of Robespierre's sanguinary vengeance, were interred, with quick lime, between the 14th of June and 27th of July, 1794.

The count was a man of considerable literary talents, and was fully as familiar with English as with French literature. In person he was stout and thick-set, his countenance by no means prepossessing, from a disease which had disfigured it. He was slovenly in his dress, fond of his connexion with England on his mother's side, and made many inquiries about the Bolinbroke family at that moment, of which, paying little attention to mere names, we were unable to answer one.

We went to see the funeral of Marshal Massena, who had resided at Rueil, near Paris. A double line of military, consisting of mounted *gendarmes* and other troops, flanked the procession, which was led by above 100 poor men and women in black cloaks, each bearing a wax torch. These were followed by a man on horseback carrying a black flag before the funeral car, which was open, and drawn by four horses. Upon the coffin was deposited a princely crown, the deceased being of that rank, or prince of Easing. Three men followed, with the heraldic decorations of the deceased borne on black velvet cushions. The marshal's horse came next in the procession, covered with black crape; then the domestics, and, after them, one of the sons of the deceased, as chief mourner. The names so renowned in Gallic warfare caught our attention now in the procession, of whom scarcely any remain among the living. There were the Dukes de Valmy, Conegliano, Dantzick, Trevino, Tarento, Reggio, Belluno, Ragusa, d'Albufera, Coigny, De Feltre, and the Counts Jourdan, Bournonville, De Vignolles, Serrurier, and others, with a number of inferior military officers of all grades. The late marshal's carriage and twenty or thirty mourning coaches, with military, closed the procession. The whole moved at a slow pace to the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, where the coffin was deposited on a species of platform, over which was a canopy ornamented with the banners and arms of the deceased. Incense was burned over the coffin. The funeral service was then read, four of the marshals supporting the pall during the impressive ceremony. The procession set out after the service was over for the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. The marshals followed, not as they had come to the church, but in carriages. The drums rolled solemnly at intervals, while the music played airs that came mournfully home to the sentiment of mortality. On reaching the cemetery the last rites were rendered to the deceased, but we were not able to approach near the vault from the crowd. This we did not deem of moment. The old château of the confessor of Louis XIV was then standing; we went up to the front. The victor of Zurich—the favourite child of Victory, as he was styled by Napoleon—was being placed in the narrow house. There were assembled, paying him the last honours, names with which Europe had resounded from side to side during a period of great *état* for France; and in this, thought we, the end of human glory—the lesson so continually repeated, without conviction, of the utter worthlessness of it at which men pursue through crime and desolation? It is even thus! Never did we feel more philosophers than at that moment. It was a sight for a philosopher's reflections. A son of battle lay near us extinguished; all he could value of human glory was over. We were leaning against the doorway of a house where Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon had visited their bigoted confessor—their glories and crimes, too, were eclipsed. The walls of the cemetery, crennelled for musketry, which had been defended with bravery in 1814 against the allies, lessoned to us that the glory of the good city of Paris had also departed—that Victory had fled from her Arch of Triumph.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PERSONS AND SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—No. II.

Having finished our bath we emerge from the thicket and are again upon the high road to the city of Valencia. All the merchandise from the exterior, and, excepting what comes along the coast, the produce from the interior, must pass along this road; and consequently before Mons. Bois' domicile: and "burro" and "macho," in a stentorian voice, as the bells tinkle, may occasionally be heard, whilst the arrieros are stimulating their beasts onwards upon the rugged track.

Mons. Bois raises a few vegetables, under his own immediate surveillance, which is very rarely done by Foreigners. He prides himself, towards the close of the dinner, which is eaten under the portico, on being able to treat his guests to a salad. This, in his estimation, is a great dainty; and when the awful moment arrives that he announces—"gentlemen the salad!"—his bosom becomes inflated, and like a hen that has been depositing an egg, he assumes a look of having done something more than wonderful, and retires with a feeling that betokens the deepest satisfaction. Perceiving this, you scrutinize the salad more minutely, and you behold some coarse looking herbage, that leaves

no doubt upon your mind but that you are defrauding the horses of their dinner. Willing not to give offence, you indulge yourself with one or two mouthfuls, but after pounding it for a few seconds between the grinders, you are convinced that, in spite of all your exertions, it is obstinate, and refuses to be reduced to a consistency. However this is not the fault of Mons. Bois, and the wisest plan is to look contented, and say nothing. If you order and pay for it, he unlooses the wire and lets fly the cork out of a bottle of sparkling champagne, and that washes down all grievances. Long ere this, it is to be hoped, that Mons. Bois has realized all his expectations. His greatest ambition was to return to some vale in Languedoc and live upon what he had accumulated; and the privateersmen who resorted to him and played away their prize money, must, in a small way, have been a prolific source of revenue.

Lord Byron in his *Don Juan* bestows rather too ironically, upon either pirates or sharks, the cognomen of sea-attornies. Had he been writing on this particular order of traders, he would in all likelihood have so far mitigated his resentment as to set them down as sea-attornies clerks. Had they been natives of the country no one would have called the right of exercising their profession into question; but, with scarcely an exception, they were all foreigners; and their love of liberty was just in proportion to the riches she could shower upon them. A portion of them unquestionably were of that unfortunate class who had no other home to fly to, saying that which is to be found upon the mighty deep; but was that a sufficient excuse for the occupation they followed?

Occasionally a string of mules would come ambling down the road, heavily laden, and groaning under a load whose bulk bore no proportion to its weight. This was copper ore extracted from the mines of Arroa, for shipment to England, there to be smelted for the benefit of the company who had made the purchase from Bolivar. The mountain from which it was excavated, was reported to be one solid bed, and to contain from 70 to 80 per cent. of fine copper. A ship full of Cornish miners, superintended by Capt. Malichi, had landed, were paraded like soldiery through the town, and notwithstanding all the terrors of squirt street, to which I have already alluded, had the courage to walk straight through the middle, and did not break their ranks until they reached the open country. They suffered dreadfully from the climate and sickness: and I must make this as a general remark, that as far as my observation extends, no labouring man betters his condition by deserting his home in the far north, to die and swelter beneath a torrid sun.

The ostensible head and director of all this affair was the celebrated Dundas Cochrane, a Captain in the British navy, and better known as having performed a pedestrian tour through the dreary wilds of Liberia, of which he made a book that got into pretty general circulation. In that inhospitable region and somewhere near the confines of Kamschatka, he picked up a wife of poor parentage, but lovely in her person; and this was only one among the many of his wayward freaks. After sojourning among his friends in the West Indies, she accompanied her husband to Colombia. And owing to the greater salubrity of the atmosphere, he stationed her in the city of Carraccas. But she had, during her short residence, imbibed all the prejudices of the West Indians, if so they must be considered, and could not brook the idea of being compelled to associate with any women excepting those of her own colour. His temperament was, in that particular, the very reverse of hers; being, if anything, too free and open-hearted. He was a man of small stature, quick in his movements, and had no objection to a drop or two of brandy—just enough to destroy the animalculæ in the water. Indeed the water was so warm and dirty, that the little negro urchins had to empty their barrels into a filtering stone before it was fit for use.

Cochrane wore a short, blue cotton roundabout, and was uncommonly negligent of his dress. He made a bet that within a given time, he would walk from Puerto Cabello to Carraccas; and it is to be feared that partly from his not having paid sufficient attention to the changing of his linen, may be attributed his comparatively early death. A few weeks previous to that event, I was conversing with him, at which time he was well and hearty, nor do I think he ever contemplated for a moment laying his bones beneath the soil of Colombia.

This is not the only Cochrane that, in the course of my pilgrimage, I have had the happiness to meet with. This other also had been a traveller, had contracted a singular marriage, and I believe, some years ago published his researches in Greece and the Grecian Islands. Almost the whole of the family are brave, possess talents and have something remarkable connected with their history, from plain Mister up to his Lordship, of fighting notoriety; who got the upperhand not only of those he fought against, but what is more extraordinary, of those who employed him to fight; and who threatened the merchants of Maranhão with bombardment if they did not advance instantaneously the pay that had been so long held back by the ruling powers. There had been built and fitted out in the United States, by order of the Government, a number of gun-boats, schooner rigged, as coast guards to protect commerce and prevent smuggling. The boats came in numbers according to orders, but the question now was, where were the sailors to man them? A wise and provident proceeding certainly, in a Government that was continually contracting loans, and over head and ears in debt already, and reminded me of the following anecdote that I once heard in company.

A man living not a hundred miles from Liverpool, and who had made his own way in the world, after giving up his business to a nephew, finding the moments hang heavy on his hands, for want of some better occupation, took it into his head that he would like to play with a monkey. His wife, who was a woman of a humane disposition, suggested that while he was about it, he might as well procure two, and then they would be company for one another. He accordingly wrote to his correspondent in Pernambuco, ordering two monkeys. But, being rather an illiterate man and not having enjoyed the advantage of a polite education, he spelt the *two* as though it were written *too*, and forgot to place a cross over the *t*, thereby giving it all the appearance of 100. His friend in Pernambuco was rather surprised at the greatness of the order, yet, nevertheless, set about executing his commission. After considerable search and difficulty, the greatest number that he was able to collect was fifty, which he shipped on board the very first vessel for Liverpool, apologizing and saying how exceedingly sorry he was that by that opportunity he had found it utterly impossible to comply with the whole demand, and that he would not only send his clerks to make enquiry in every direction, but would put every other iron in the fire that would prevent disappointment; and his friend might rest satisfied that the remaining fifty should take their passage in the very next vessel that left the port. He added, since this commission had bothered him a good deal, he hoped to receive a handsome consideration for his trouble. Moreover the Captain of the merchantman declared that he was near throwing the monkeys overboard, in a gale of wind: but when he came to reflect that it was possible they were not insured, and how heart-breaking it might be to

the old gentleman to lose them, he determined upon risking the safety of the vessel, out of compassion for his feelings.

However, they say that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and if the first of these gun boats that reached La Guayra from Philadelphia, was of little use in the service for which it had been intended; the same could not be said as regarded myself and fellow passengers, for we very quickly secured our berths on board, the moment we were informed that she had been ordered down to Puerto Cabello. Unknown to the Captain as well as ourselves, we had the honour of conveying the intelligence of the recognition of independence. By the hour that we had shaved and dressed ourselves, and were prepared to go on shore, the whole of the neighbourhood of the low, red-tiled custom-house was in a ferment, and what with the clanging of bells, the beating of drums, and the firing of guns, we scarcely knew what to make of the hubbub that was thus created. Whatever our anxiety might proceed from to join the throng, that of our worthy Captain emanated from an entirely different cause.

Carefully stowed away in a hencoop, peeping their heads out to see the fun as well as we, were about half a dozen old dunghill fowl, the residue of the live stock put on board in the port of embarkation, as fresh provisions for the nourishment of sea-sick people. These were the heroes he had reserved to fight a main with the well fed, and well bred game of General Paez, who was then in the place, and who would condescend to pit his birds against any black guard whatever, so long as they could muster another poor devil that had pluck in his heart; however emaciated and attenuated might be his body. But as we concluded that the birds would not particularly object to any glory that might be derived from their achievements being deferred until the following day, the exhilarating news from Britain was acknowledged to be of more paramount importance, and a party forthwith formed themselves, with the object of visiting such houses as were considered the most respectable, and thereby spreading the information as widely and rapidly as if it had been propelled forward by a ten horse power. There were as many "vivas" as would have plastered up the broken heart of the extirpated King of Spain, had they been uttered in his favor and in his hearing; and such hugging and shaking of hands and breaking of glasses and knocking the heads off bottles of champagne, as would have done good to the bowels of the most bereaved of mankind. There were two individuals in particular, that made themselves more remarkable than all the rest; and what made them more singular and striking was that they had both a Jewish cast of countenance, and bore a strong resemblance to each other: the only apparent difference was, that the one was deeply coloured and wore ear-rings, whilst I learned, upon enquiry, that the other was an European. The attachment they showed to one another, throughout the whole scene, was strange if not ridiculous. Yet, would not their folly have made the smallest impression upon our memories had we not been informed that he of the ear-rings bore a character for deep atrocity, which was scarcely doubtful. He was an officer on board a vessel then under detention in the harbour, and accused of having committed piracy on English and American vessels on the high seas: and the only apology that I could make for the white man taking so much notice of an individual placed in such a situation, was that the wine must have attained complete mastery over his reason. This vessel was the *Romano Libro*. She had been a Spanish man-of-war, with her papers from the Havannah, and the Captain, whose name was Catarro, had given her up to the Republicans, upon some pretext or another, which it is not necessary to specify. It was alleged that the true state of the matter was, that having been guilty of acts of piracy, he was afraid again to face his government or country. And while the investigation was pending, touching the charges brought against him, he had the temerity to solicit a letter of marque from the Colombians, to cruise against the Spaniards. Senor Rojas, of the custom house, impelled by curiosity, went one day on board, but she had been completely stripped of every thing excepting live lumber: there being two or three Spanish boys in the hold, tuning their throats to melody, and mentioning the English in no very laudatory terms.

In the old Spanish settlement all subjects of public rejoicing terminate in a ball, if the ladies can, by any manoeuvring, screw their lovers and husbands to the pitch of paying for one. It requires no conjurer to tell that in all countries, they, dear creatures, manage in such cases, some how or other, to gain the ascendancy. So a ball there was, and as the supper-table was not large enough to accommodate the gentlemen, each gallantly took his station behind his *chère amie*, and waited upon her, like a true and faithful *preux chevalier*, administering to her wants, and supplying her with such dainties as came the readiest within his grasp; and though the table did not groan with refined luxuries quite so much as if they had been catered for by Günter, there was no snarling or quarrelling, all was well conducted; if one lady coveted the only remaining leg of a goose or drumstick of a turkey, the other lady would give it up without a sigh. And this exemplary urbanity and magnanimity of soul, was not confined within their own small circle, but extended even to their partners. To keep them in countenance and their spirits from flagging, the ladies would, at intervals, over the tip of their shoulder, hand an olive upon the end of a fork; or console their beaux with the persuasion that if even all the other good things were to be swept like a flood off the table, they would be mindful to have enough remaining upon their platters for their gallant attendants. The music was not so execrable as, in such an out-of-the-way place as Puerto Cabello then was, one would imagine it to be; and the waltzing was by no means contemptible.

Notwithstanding all the misplaced endeavours to keep colored people from associating with the descendants of Spaniards, it was discernable that there was a bountiful sprinkling of that quality in the room; and probably not one of the whole coterie could be considered entirely free from the imputation, ignorant as they might be of it themselves. I had nearly forgot to particularize one fellow, who bobbed and kicked and capered about, to the no small danger of the ladies, in a style that would have done credit to a jackpudding at Bartholomew fair. I only regretted that there was not a pier-glass in the room, as I am satisfied that he would not have been long in convincing the spectators as to the durability of his skull when put in competition with the more brittle material. It certainly was a novel mode of dancing, and beat Monsieur Poniatowski and every other ski and sti hollow. First on one side and then on the other, he bowed his head so as almost to touch the ground on which his partner trod; and whilst he thought that the applauses were levelled solely at his monkey tricks, he reminded one very much of a jackass who obstinately hids down his occiput and flings up his heels, the more he is belaboured. To crown the whole of the evening's entertainments, the very officers of the *Romano Libro*, to whom I have alluded, had the audacity, between the dancing and the supper, to form themselves into a conspicuous knot, and bellowed out, to the no small edification of the company, one of the national songs of the day, the burden of which was—"Armas al hombro avacard,"—"Libertad-libertad libertad."

Let us now turn to the cock-pit, where General Paez was the presiding deity. I had never in my life, but once before, been to a place of similar amusement, and that was in my early childhood, when I bet a trifle on a game hen that was pitted against a male bird; showing at that early period my predilection for the fair portion of creation. The instant the battle commenced I began to shed tears, and was carried home without ever knowing whether I won or lost. It was not very likely therefore, that the arena I was about entering upon would be pleasing; but my wish to behold the second man in the Republic overcome every other feeling. And there, indeed, I had a full view of the *Llanero*, in a square circumference, as Paddy would express himself, neither so big nor so good as an old barn, and surrounded by riff-raff, black, white, and colored. Ragged I will not say they were, as some of them were decked out in many of the sable charms of nature's loveliness. My eye caught him in the act of holding the feathered biped in his hand, feeling the weight, and spiring water under the feathers, announcing that he was all ready to set on the bird himself and begin the contest. A Sambo by extraction, partaking of the nature of the Spaniard and the Indian, he is distinguished by rather a good natured cast of countenance, and is a thick-set, powerfully constructed man, with broad shoulders. As the charms of the beauties of Nubia and Ethiopia lie chiefly in the weight and bulk of their persons, the shoulders of Paez will strike the most careless beholder as the most prominent portions in his structure. They may be likened to promontories or headlands jutting out beyond the landscape, and shutting the other equally agreeable traits of Nature's gifts and favours from our view. He is a native of the plains, and upon the first glimpse he had of the ocean he burst out into the exclamation of "Oh, what a great lagoon!"

Great allowances ought to be made, when the very limited education, or rather, the *no education at all* through which his boyhood passed, is taken into account. A blanket, with a hole cut through the middle for the insertion of the head, or hemmed and sewed together as it sometimes is, of "bayetas de dus frizos," a coarse and rough woollen, imported from Britain, was almost the only covering of his early play-fellows, the *Llaneros*; and "the cobbler who lived in a stall"—"it served them for parlour, and kitchen, and (h) all," being sometimes used as a substitute for a saddle, a cushion, or a pillow; a quilt by night or a coat by day; or, in short, any other way to which it can most conveniently be applied. I happened to be in Valencia at the period that he was proposing to raise the standard of revolt against the general government. The troops were marshalled, and the cannon was planted in the square; and I heard him swear to the assembled multitude, that, the vice president, Santander, should walk over his dead body before he should submit to such trampling upon his rights and privileges. His voice was weak and shrill; but his language was highly inflammatory. It is a pity that he addicted himself so much to gambling; for he possesses many redeeming qualifications. He taught himself to play very tolerably upon the violin. He is now advancing in years, and has long maintained his position as President of Venezuela, which evinces that he must be something better and greater than a mere soldier, or even a skilful commander. Though he does not make so much noise now as formerly, he occupies a much more elevated and respectable situation in society; and, as he is now one of the heads of the Nations of the Earth, a few more authentic anecdotes concerning him may be interesting to the public, and I will string them together for the amusement of your readers, when I resume my narrative.

J. N***.

Whitesboro, N. Y., Feb. 2d, 1845.

A CURTAIN LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may save! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go,—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle! Nothing. Oh no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you, as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it."

"All the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get them I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course they belong to you; anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle."

"The man called for the water-rate, to day: but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks 'em."

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttle-cock through his bed-room window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him—if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds."

"Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid! Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night,—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?"

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel!—I've made up my mind to lose her, now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds, too."

"I wonder where poor little Cherub is! While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?"

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro! Yes,—I know what it wants as well as you, it wants a new fastening. I was going to send

for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question: *now* it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

"Well, things are come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper off roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles, when folks are always lending five pounds?"

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? Sweep the chimney! Yes it's all very fine to say, sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?"

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for them! Yes, it's easy enough to say—set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?"

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back-door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds."

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds."

"And now, see Mr. Caudle, what a misery you've brought upon your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire-insurance can't be paid, so we shall all fall victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging for ever—the soot will always fall—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be for ever left an unprotected maid,—and all, all Mr. Caudle, because YOU WILL GO ON LENDING FIVE POUNDS!"

Latest Intelligence.

[From the London Spectator of January 18.]

The week has been remarkable for a singular epistolary agitation, as if the *Poite Letter-Writer* had superseded *Hansard*; and foremost in English interest stands the Archbishop of Canterbury's address to the clergy of his province, on the Rubrical disputes. The pith of his letter is this. Much may be said on both sides—for the Rubric as the more regular, and for the existing practices as sanctioned by usage and the tacit acquiescence of eminent and pious divines. The solution of some questions, indeed, is not at all so easy as people have imagined; and those who insist on restoring conformity to the Rubric may pause in doubt whether after all they are approaching nearer to the intent of the law-maker. A legislative settlement of the disputes would be impossible at the present moment, and would not be feasible while excitement endures. Therefore the Archbishop's advice is, that further action in the contest should be suspended; the practice of worship in the several churches remaining as it is for the present, until, on fitting opportunity, steps can be taken towards an authoritative settlement of the matter. It is complained that Dr. Howley's letter settles nothing; and he does not profess that it can. He says that an immediate settlement is impossible; and no one has disproved his words. Without some authoritative power, if even with that, no one could settle it. The attempt to enforce stricter observances, and the recoil from it, are but forms, perhaps, of that spirit of difference and controversy which last year rent in twain the Church of Scotland, and which has shown itself in a variety of polemical heats; and that spirit is not readily to be laid at the bidding of any dignity. But Dr. Howley asks a present suspension of hostilities, with a view to ulterior proceedings, and meanwhile mutual forbearance and charity. His recognition of the practical difficulties is such as might be expected from an experienced man of the world; his manner is calculated to conciliate all; and it appears even to have won over to a temporary quietude the perturbed spirit of the Prelate of Exeter.

But it is in Ireland that the epistolary tumult is most conspicuous; for missives are flying in all directions. Some are adapted to keep up and exasperate dissensions, others to damp the fire or soothe the irritation.

Of the stimulative sort is Mr. O'Connell's letter to the Bishop of Meath on the Charitable Bequests Act. It is a laborious and loose collection of crude *ex parte* arguments, like an indigestible brief; the paragraphs ticketed with numbers from "first" to "twenty-secondly," not to mention subordinate divisions, like second-hand furniture tumbled together at a sale. His toil attests his anxiety to prevent any spoiling of the agitation-market by conciliatory measures.

In the Romish Bishop of Meath he finds an echo of the Paddy Blake order,—a hearty response to his assaults on the Act, on Archbishop Murray, and so forth; only perhaps going a little further in vehemence than the great Agitator.

The war-whoop is raised also on the other, the Protestant side: out come a majority of the Irish Protestant Bishops—nine of the fourteen—with a newly-reiterated protest against the National System of Education. What brings them forth just now, as if on purpose to fan the flame? Perhaps, like Mr. O'Connell, they are dismayed at the advance of conciliation, and want by their roar to remind the Minister of a lion in his path, lest he go further. Perhaps they have an eye to the grants of money for education purposes which are so ripe, and make a noise betimes that the Church Education Board may not be forgotten. They do more, however, with their unseasonable outcry; they remind one, that although Lord Stanley pared down the Established Church in Ireland, there is still so much of it for the peace of that country—too many Bishops—so many by about nine.

If disorder is abroad, the spirit of peace also gains strength. It is embodied in another letter, by fifty priests of Dublin diocese, who gather round Archbishop Murray, the defender and administrator of the Bequests Act.

But the most striking act of pacification has been the publication of a double letter from Archbishop Crolly to Mr. O'Connell, incorporating the genuine rescript from Rome, which the Liberator had declared to be "uncanonical." It appears that the document is strictly formal, and is addressed by the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide to the Primate of Ireland, in the name of the Pontiff. How a Roman Catholic can refuse deference to it, Protestants will be at a loss to understand: contumacy looks very like a positive act of schism—a

new Protestantism. The missive consists of a solemn injunction on the clergy of Ireland to abstain from worldly affairs, and especially from political agitation; to defer in civil matters to the temporal power; and to preach submission and peace by word and example. The Arch-Repealer and his followers try to evade the effect of this restriction, by denying that the Pope has any temporal authority in Ireland: the rescript asserts none. Mr. O'Connell admits the supreme authority of the Pope in matters of doctrine and discipline: the rescript concerns doctrine and discipline, and it is addressed to the clergy alone, the Pontiff's subordinates. The doctrine involved in it is the doctrine preached by the Founder of the Church on that rock which Rome professes to represent—that the members of the Christian Church should render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. And as a matter of discipline, the Pontiff recalls his clergy from the outward world to an exclusive care of their sacred calling. There may indeed be the doctrine of passive obedience to the powers that be involved, as a thing to be preached to the laity; but of that the laity must judge when it comes before them in due course. Until that time, the rescript is entirely an affair between the clergy and their spiritual head. If he summons them away from the Repeal agitation to the cloister, it may prove very detrimental to the Repeal rent; but will it be pretended that they are to take orders rather of Daniel O'Connell than of Gregory the Sixteenth?

In the midst of the hubbub, forth comes a note from an unexpected correspondent, the Lord-Lieutenant! He tells Archbishop Crolly that there is no attempt making by the British Government to obtain from Rome the concordat, about which there has been so much disputative conjecture.

On a review of the whole of this tumultuary scene, some new light seems to be thrown upon Irish agitation. The bonds of parties and sects are shaken loose for the moment; and until new combinations occur the elements lie exposed to separate scrutiny. It seems that although the bigoted oppression of England caused Irish grievances to assume the shape of religious injury—although religion was the pretext of many a claim—the agitators, as soon as the prevalent religious influence of Ireland turns against themselves, make no scruple to disown their spiritual authorities; Roman Catholics talk of "lifting their hand," against the Pope, of resisting "the aggression of tyranny," and sneer at "the scarlet lady of the seven hills"! Nationality is rampant; and, religious distinction not for the moment coinciding with it, the distinction is cast aside as useless lumber.

That, however, is only done by coarse and inferior minds. Others of a higher stamp seem gladly to feel the emancipation of religion from the thralldom of political subserviency. A schism has sprung up among the Irish Catholics, —on one side standing the Papal authority, moderation, superiority to distinctions of party or race, and love of order; on the other, Repeal. Jealousy of race and party, defiance of the Holy See. Which influence will prove the stronger, time will show; but for the present, schism, *protanta* is in derogation of Mr. O'Connell's influence; and thus it adds to the many facilities opening to Government for doing good to Ireland without regard to party.

Incidental y to the debates in the French Chambers has been published, a mass of diplomatic correspondence between English and French officials, on the subject of Tahiti and Morocco; and worn as the subjects are, the documents have been seized, both in London and Paris, for a party use: on each side Ministers have been branded by their countrymen as cowards. But one official person, the Comte De Jarnac, the French Charge d'Affaires in London, has been assailed by both sides: by his own people, he is held up to shame as "treacherous" panic-stricken at the angry aspect of England; by journalists here, he is treated as a fellow of infinite cunning who vulgarly wheedles Lord Aberdeen into a shameful compromise. It appears to us that both sides are very disingenuous. The gravamen of the difficulty with which he had to deal lay in the rough treatment which Mr. Pritchard received when he was expelled from Tahiti: had Pritchard been handed out with formal politeness, as many notes might have passed, but there would have been no real irritation. M. De Jarnac was evidently most anxious, and most laudably so, that two great nations should not go to loggerheads for the mutual absurdities of two obscure persons at the Antipodes; and his endeavour was to represent to each Government the urgency of the other in such manner that neither should fly out into needless offence and embroil the countries irretrievably. He succeeded. He thought that Mr. Pritchard's mouth might be stopped with an indemnity in cash, and that the technical offence might be satisfied with an apology. Money is not a very "dignified" peace-offering; but the national dignity was concerned alone in the fact that a British subject should not suffer unredressed wrong. Mr. Pritchard's mouth was stopped—he did not resign his official post—he did not refuse the coin: England saw its citizen indemnified; and expressions of regret satisfied official punctilio. M. De Jarnac has done both states much service.

Last night's Gazette contains this announcement:—

Whitehall, 16th January.

"The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Baron of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto the Right Hon. Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart., G. C. B., and Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of her Majesty's Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and of the Island of Prince Edward, and Governor-General of all her Majesty's Provinces on the Continent of North America and of the Island of Prince Edward, and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style and title of Baron Metcalfe, of Fernhill in the county of Berks."

The Gazette also announces, that "the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household has appointed Thomas Uwins, Esq., Royal Academician, to be Surveyor of Pictures in Ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, Royal Academician, deceased."

It will perhaps startle some of our readers to learn that his Grace the Duke of Wellington has been much occupied lately in the development of an ingenious plan for the fortification of London. His Grace is said to be persuaded that on the death of Louis Philippe there is too much reason to apprehend that there will be war with a neighbouring kingdom, whose belligerent tendencies have been lately expressed in no measured terms; and he wishes London to have the same security as Paris, namely, the security against being taken by a coup-de-main. We have this on unexceptionable authority.

Historical Register.

Five more waggon-loads of Sycee silver, an instalment of the Chinese ransom, brought by the Pelican sloop from Hong-kong, arrived at the Mint on Thursday; each waggon carrying about three and a half tons.

The late Richard Leyland, Esq., of Walton Hall near Liverpool, banker, presented to his brother, Christopher Bullen, Esq., the day before his death, the enormous sum of one million sterling; which is supposed to be the largest amount ever given as a present in England.

The Society of Arts held their first meeting this year, at their house in John Street, Adelphi, on Wednesday; Dr. Roget, Vice-President, in the chair. Several new members were admitted by ballot, and some papers were read. Among the papers, was one on an atmospheric railway, invented by Mr. J. Pilbrow, a civil engineer; which is thus described—

A pipe or tube is laid in the earth, mid-way between the rails, and secured to wooden sleepers, at intervals of about thirty feet, and fixed to boxes cast on to the tube on each side: in each box works a vertical spindle or axis, to which are fixed two small cog-wheels or pinions, the one being inside the box and the other outside. A diaphragm or piston works within the tube, as in the original atmospheric railway: but to the piston is attached a rack; so that when the piston is moved by the exhaustion of the tube in front of the piston, the rack is moved with it; and that, acting on two or more of the lower or under pinions, causes the upper pinions to revolve at the same time and with the same velocity. A second rack of the same length as that within the tube, is attached to the first carriage; and as the upper pinion revolve, the rack, and consequently the carriage to which it is attached, move with it. Thus the longitudinal valve required in Samuda's railway is dispensed with.

NEW INVENTION.—COAL FROM PEAT.—We are informed, that, by the application of a chemical process, an ingenious party has succeeded in the conversion of peat into coal within a very short period of time. If the works of the great laboratory of nature, perfected during centuries, can thus be performed by art in a few weeks, it will indeed cause a great social and national revolution. —*Literary Gazette.*—[Provided the cost of the process is not too great; a rather important proviso.]

RUBRIC.—By this word is implied a rule or direction. It is derived from the Latin word *rubrica*, which signifies red earth, red ochre, &c.; and it is employed to designate the rules which are laid down in the Book of Common Prayer, to direct the minister and people in their performance of divine worship. These rules were formerly printed in red letters, to distinguish them from the prayers and other parts of the liturgy, which were printed in black letters. —*Church of England Magazine.*

We are assured, on what we deem competent authority, that notwithstanding the strong expectations of a brevet, those who indulged hopes of being included within its range are doomed to disappointment. There will after all be no brevet.

It is rumoured, says the *Globe*, that a very large addition will be made to the Navy Estimates in the coming session; and our contemporary sees indirect corroboration of the fact in allusions made by Ministerial papers to the policy of increasing the naval or coast defences. The *Globe* also hears that movements in the dockyard and arsenal of Chertbourg have caused suspicion, and dictated winter preparations here.

THE FINE ARTS.—It is said that a lady has bequeathed £3,000 to establish in Bristol a society of arts, in connection with a school of design; and that the member, Mr. Miles, whose collection is famous throughout Europe, has also made some proposals of immense importance in reference to the arts.

Art Union.

According to the correspondent of the *Times*, the British Government has demanded from that of France, "a categorical answer to the question, whether or not the French Government was affecting at the same time to join in the endeavours of the British Government to maintain the *status quo* in Texas, whilst it was in reality giving, through the King, to the American Minister, an assurance that in no event would any steps be taken by his Government in the slightest degree hostile, or which would give the United States just cause of complaint." The *Standard* adds a statement which it does not guarantee, though derived from a respectable source—

"It is said that England was disposed, for the sake of M. Guizot, to make some concessions relative to the right of search, on condition that our Cabinet should join that of London to obtain an European declaration against the annexation of Texas to the United States; in other words, on condition that France should eventually make common cause with England against the American Union."

The Great Britain steam-ship made another experimental trip down the Bristol Channel on Wednesday, with about one hundred and forty passengers on board, including several engineers and naval officers. The ship is now fitted with its six masts, which are called the fore-mast, main-mast, and third, fourth, fifth, and sixth masts, and temporary shrouds have been attached; the yards of the main-mast are also across. The vast size of the ship will perhaps be better exemplified by stating, that were she rigged with three masts, her fore-mast would be upwards of 60 feet from her bows, and her mizen upwards of 100 feet from her taffrail, while each of her masts would be as far asunder as they are on board of an 80 gun ship. The engines were first put in motion at 10 revolutions a minute; when she made $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots. When off the Holms, 14 revolutions produced $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots; 15 revolutions full gave $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots; $15\frac{1}{2}$ revolutions $9\frac{7}{8}$ knots. When the ship was below the Holms she was brought round twice, and came round the thirty-two points in a little less than seven minutes; and half round, or sixteen points, in three minutes fifty-five seconds. On her return up the Channel, with her head to the wind, the speed of the engines was increased to 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ revolutions which gave $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots; and subsequently to 18 revolutions, which gave $11\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The engines worked beautifully, but they were at no time put to full speed. The Great Britain made the passage from the Holms to Kingroad, (nineteen miles,) with head to wind, in exactly one hour and nine minutes.

MR. HOOD'S PENSION.—Mr. Hood's pension was, we understand, granted in the most kind and handsome manner by Sir Robert Peel. The amount is £100 a year, and it is for the life of Mrs. Hood; that of the author being, from ill health, unfortunately (in all human probability) of a more precarious tenure. When we think that such poems as his "Eugene Aram," "Old Oak Tree," "Song of a shirt," and many others of great power and pathos, not to mention his comic originalities, will be read with delight two hundred years hence, perhaps by the royal descendants of our queen and the noble descendants of our premier, six or eight generations removed, we could have hoped that the one hundred pounds might have been two. But the pension list, we fancy, requires tender handling, to make it hold out enough, where much is deserved and much wanted. Let us, therefore, be thankful for this instalment.

Literary Gazette.

LADY PEEL AND MISS FRANCES BROWN.—The following letter was sent by the prime minister to Miss Frances Brown, the blind poetess of Ulster, on Christmas-eve:—

"Whitehall, Dec. 24.

"Madam,—There is a fund applicable, as vacancies may occur, to the grant of annual pensions of very limited amount, which usage has placed at the dis-

posal of the lady of the first minister. On this fund there is a surplus of £20 per annum. Lady Peel has heard of your honourable and successful exertions to mitigate, by literary acquirements, the effects of the misfortune by which you have been visited; and should the grant of this pension for your life be acceptable to you, Lady Peel will have great satisfaction in such an appropriation of it.—I am &c.

"ROBERT PEEL."

Her Majesty, with her accustomed generosity, has given, we are informed, out of her privy purse, the sum of 1,000*l* a year to Sir Augustus D'Esterre, which is equal to the sum Sir Augustus lost by the Death of the Duke of Sussex.

Morning Chronicle.

RUSSIAN FINANCE.—We find the following rather curious statement in the *Revue de Paris*:—"The capital of Russia has just witnessed a curious event, which, in its political significance, not less than in its commercial importance, is worthy of fixing the attention of Europe. The prosperity of Russia has, it is well known, of late years improved to such a point, that the State can think seriously of getting rid of its paper money, in order to found the credit of the nation on a surer basis; but feeling how weak its credit is even in Russia, the Emperor Nicholas is determined to invest his financial operations with all the publicity possible, and to give them a sort of popular sanction. The sinking fund, destined to pay off the paper money now in circulation, amounts at present to 233,000,000*fr*. Cellars have been excavated under the citadel of St. Petersburg to contain this treasure, and it has just been transferred there with extraordinary pomp. The different Ministries, the heads of manufactories, and of the principal guilds were invited to send deputies to the ceremony, to prove the identity of the sum. The Minister of Finance presided over this kind of national assembly, and, in his opening address, declared that the Emperor was desirous of affording the country the means of ascertaining by actual inspection the quantity of gold and silver, whether in specie or in ingots, destined to serve as security to the public credit. After having heard the flattering compliments which the Emperor Nicholas addressed to the whole commercial body through his Minister, the eight deputies descended into the caves of the fortress, and in concert with the ministerial officers, assured themselves of the actual existence of the sinking fund. The bags of roubles were emptied before them, and they were enabled to test the quality of the metal, and to count out a sum of 70,000,000 silver roubles. They then attested by their signatures that what the Government stated was true."

THE STREETS OF TANGIER.—We sallied forth to see the Town. Town I presume it must be called; but, so unlike is it to anything that bears that name in Europe, that were it not for the houses of the consuls it bears about as much resemblance to a town as a city of anthills. The houses are so small that one might believe them to be inhabited by a race of pigmies, were it not for the tall brawny muscular fellows who are seen going in and out. The houses never exceed two stories in height, and these very low. The entrance is low and narrow. Each house has an open court like the Spanish patio in the middle, in which there is invariably to be found a fig, a vine, or olive tree; so that in this happy land every man reposes "under his own vine and under his own fig-tree." These interior courts or quadrangles are, like the apartments of the house, of very small dimensions; but they serve to keep the rooms cool and airy, as they all enter from them. The roofs are perfectly flat, and covered with *terraz* a composition of lime and small stones beaten smooth with wooden mallets. In the better class of houses there are pipes which conduct the rain-water from the roof to cisterns underground. But in general there is no such provision; and the cement being quite insufficient to exclude the wet, in the rainy season the rain penetrates both roof and walls, and keeps the whole house in a miserable state. All the apartments are on the veriest pigmy scale. If the Moor has room to squat he wants no more. The furniture is common and simple, and almost the only ornament in their rooms is a rich and beautiful piece of Morocco needlework, wrought of coarse muslin, of various patterns and the most brilliant colours, occasionally hung as drapery round a small looking-glass on the wall, or in front of the bed. The streets are rarely wider than is absolutely necessary to allow two donkeys to pass each other; and if both are laden they may sometimes find the passage narrow enough. They are littered with all kinds of refuse. Very few of the houses have any windows to the street; so that one appears to be walking in narrow lanes betwixt two dead walls, in place of in the streets of a populous town. W. Robertson.

DEATH OF MR. CORBOULD, THE ARTIST.—We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Corbould, the well known artist, who appears to have closed his prosperous career under singularly awful circumstances. The deceased gentleman had been staying lately at St. Leonard's, on a visit to Lady Chantrey, to whom it is understood he was about to be shortly united, but on Sunday Dec. 15th. he quitted that place on horseback, accompanied by a servant, for Hawkhurst, in Kent, whither he was proceeding on a shooting excursion, his four sons being already there, at the house of a friend of the family named French, awaiting his arrival. The deceased was seen to ride slowly with his coat thrown open, and this circumstance attracted attention, as sufficient precaution did not seem to have been taken by him against the severity of the weather, the frost being intense. On ascending Silver hill, near Robertsbridge, the deceased was mortally struck by the cold, and fell in a fit of apoplexy, it is presumed—for the full particulars of the melancholy event have not transpired, though an inquest has been held on the corpse. The deceased appeared but an hour before the catastrophe to be in the best possible health and spirits.

Globe of Saturday.

The Anti-Corn-law League held their second meeting for the season, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday, Jan. 29. The place was crowded.

Mr. Andrew Rutherford, M. P., was installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, on Friday, in the midst of a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, including Lord Cockburn, Lord Fullerton, Lord Ivory, the Lord Provost, Sheriff Alison, Dr. Candlish, and several ministers and members of the bar from Edinburgh.

We understand that Sir John Barrow, Principal Secretary of the Admiralty, will immediately retire; and that Captain Hamilton, Private Secretary to Lord Haddington, will be his successor.

Mr. Frederick Goulburn, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been appointed to the vacant seat of the Board of Customs, caused by the death of the Honourable Heneage Legge.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Lieutenant-Colonel George Macdonald to be Lieutenant-Governor of the island of Dominica.

The *Patriot* announces that Mr. Prichard was to depart yesterday for his new Consular station at Navigators Islands.

From a correspondence which has taken place between the Admiralty and the East India and China Association, it appears that a contract has been en-

tered into by the Government for conveyance of the mails between Suez, Calcutta, and China twice a month; but the arrangements have not yet been concluded; and some disappointment has been manifested in the City at the delay.

The death of the Earl of St. Germans, recorded this week, will occasion some moves in the official circles, by occasioning Lord Eliot's elevation to the Upper House. The old Earl was seized with a spasmodic attack, of a kind to which he was subject, early last week; and he expired on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning.

It is generally rumoured in political circles, that Mr. Sidney Herbert will succeed Lord Eliot as Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Corry will replace Mr. Herbert as Principal Secretary of the Admiralty. *Globe.*

Mr. Baron Gurney, in consequence of continued ill health and increasing weakness, has sent to the Lord Chancellor his resignation of the high office of one of the Barons of the Exchequer, which the learned Baron has filled for some years with great ability and satisfaction to the bar and the public. *Standard.*

A letter from Rome states, that the furniture of the apartment in the Palace Barberini, occupied by the late Thorwaldsen, has just been sold, as well as all the tools and articles of his studio. The latter objects were purchased in general by Englishmen, at exorbitant prices. Three common chisels fetched 85, 92, and 110 Roman crowns—about £18, £19, and £23.

Letters recently arrived at Munich, from Rome, state that the Pope is in a great alarming state. His Holiness is upwards of seventy-nine years of age. *Frankfort Postal Gazette, Jan. 17.*

Letters from Madeira, of the 1st instant, mention that among the many English visiting that island is Mr. Sheridan Knowles; who was about to deliver a course of lectures on dramatic poetry.

It is now quite certain that the Queen intends to open the ensuing session of Parliament on Tuesday next in person. The necessary orders have been issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office for the occasion; and a number of workmen are busily employed in the House of Lords, fitting up seats and completing the usual preparations for the reception of her Majesty. *Standard.*

SPAIN.—A few incidents relieve the monotony of the accounts from Spain. Zurbano was arrested, in a house near Logrono, on the 19th January; with his brother-in-law, Cayo Muro. The captor was El Rayo, (the Thunder-bolt,) an old comrade of Zurbano's. The reports of the chief's escape into Portugal had been circulated by his friends, to lull the vigilance of Government. Cayo Muro was shot in attempting to escape out of a window, by the detachment that surprised them in their hiding-place; and he died on the way to his prison. By order of the Governor of Burgos, Zurbano was at once placed in *capella*, in order to his execution. He had an interview with his wife and only surviving son; and was then shot in the back, on the afternoon of the 20th—the punishment for an officer forsaking his colours. He met his death with his characteristic hardihood. The discovery of his retreat is, with great probability, imputed to treachery. Zurbano had actually tried to reach the North of Portugal by the course of the Douro; but every outlet from the Riojah was so closely watched by the Royal troops, that he was compelled to give up the attempt in despair, and retrace his step towards Logrono; suffering dreadful privations and hardships until the moment of his arrest.

Another incident is of a more creditable kind; General Don Juan Prim, Count de Reus, has been pardoned. An extraordinary courier was despatched from Madrid on the 19th, to the Castle of St. Sebastian, where he was incarcerated. He is ordered to reside in Madrid.

The huge steam-ship *Great Britain* has come up to London. It left Bristol on Thursday evening, passing the Flat Holm at twenty minutes to ten o'clock; and reached the Downs at two minutes to two o'clock on Sunday morning; having gone 250 statute miles in 28 hours and 55 minutes. Weighing anchor again at five minutes to eight o'clock, the steamer anchored at Blackwall about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The voyage was very stormy: off Lundy Island, on Friday morning, the gale was tremendous and not a single vessel was in sight. The steamer encountered some slight damage from a heavy sea that struck its bows. At that time the steamer was making 5½ knots an hour; the greatest speed was 13 2/3 knots. The screw propeller at the stern of the keel never rose more than to show three or four feet of its upper part out of the water; and thus during the heavy gale the engines were found to work uniformly. That would not have been the case with a paddle-fitted vessel; the wheels being frequently plunged in the water up to their axes, at which time the engines are as it were paralyzed; while at the next moment, the water leaving the wheels, the engines fly off at a speed much beyond their usual rate of working. Such irregular action not only requires very great attention in the engineers, but frequently, in spite of every precaution, causes considerable derangement of the machinery. The action of the engines in the *Great Britain* never varied more than half a stroke or one stroke per minute.

PREDICTION OF RAIN AND STORMS BY FALLING STARS.—A communication has been made to the Academy of Sciences by M. Couvlier Gravier, on the meteors vulgarly called falling stars. He thinks that all the changes which take place in the terrestrial atmosphere have their origin in the the upper regions. 'If (says he) we watch at night the direction, number and changes of colour of the falling stars, we shall be able to predict with certainty the wind that will prevail, and the rain, storms, &c. that will take place, on the following day.' M. Gravier declares that he has for several months passed entire nights in observing the falling stars, and that every morning at seven o'clock he delivered to M. Arago, at the observatory, his prediction for the day, without having been once in error. The name of M. Arago having been thus mentioned, he certainly owes it to the public to contradict or confirm the assertion of M. Gravier, and—with permission of course—to state what are the signs by which this knowledge, so important, it real, to agriculturists and navigators, is obtained.

THE BLOOD-FISH.

Our Indians caught with a hook the fish known in the country by the name of *caribe* or *caribito*, because no other fish has such a thirst for blood. It attacks bathers and swimmers, from whom it often carries away considerable pieces of flesh. The Indians dread extremely these caribes; and several of them showed us the scars of deep wounds in the calf of the leg and in the thigh made by these little animals. When a person is only slightly wounded, it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving severer wounds. The blood-fish lives at the bottom of rivers; but if once a few drops of blood be shed upon the water, they arrive by thousands on the surface. When we reflect on the number of these fish, the most voracious and cruel of which are only four or five inches long: on the triangular form of the sharp cutting teeth

and on the amplitude of their retractile mouth, we need not be surprised at the fear which they excite in the inhabitants of the banks of the Apure and Orinoco. In places where the river was very limpid, and where not a fish appeared, we threw into the water little morsels of flesh covered with blood; and in a few minutes a cloud of caribes came to dispute the prey. The belly of this fish has a cutting edge indented like a saw; its body, towards the back, is ash-coloured, with a tint of green; but the under part, the gill-covers, and the pectoral fins, are of a fine orange. The caribito has a very agreeable taste. As no one dares to bathe where it is found, it may be considered as one of the greatest scourges of these climates, in which the sting of the mosquitoes, and the consequent irritation of the skin, render the use of baths so necessary. *Humboldt.*

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

SANTA ANNA CAPTURED!

By the arrival of the schr. *Water Witch*, from Vera Cruz, whence she sailed on the 22d ult., we learn the capture of Santa Anna, which took place on the 15th, at Jico near Jalapa, whilst he was endeavoring to reach the coast in disguise accompanied by four of his officers. He is confined at present in the same castle of Perote, from which the Texan prisoners have not long since been liberated, and well guarded by some 3,000 soldiers. It is proposed to remove him to the Capital in a few days, where he will have to answer to the country, before the Chamber of Deputies, for his past tyranny and cruelty; and doubtless, from the excited state of public feeling against him, he will expiate his conduct by an ignominious death.

Santa Anna had written to the President, General Herrera, on the 10th ult. from this camp near Puebla, soliciting passports for Senor Haroy Tamariz and Generals Cortzar and Mendoza, late of his suite. He also begs passports for himself, that he may leave the country, and, as he says, "seek abroad a home where I might end my last days." He states that he has already given up the command of his army to Gen. Morales, who would proclaim the Constitutional Government.

He authorizes certain Commissioners to announce to the Chambers his renunciation of the Presidency, and states that he has sacrificed his "property and all that a man holds most dear." Along he resisted the contempt and outrages manifested against his person, and these expressions alone could never have driven him to take this resolution; fearing, if he remained, some conspiracy would be formed against his life—unfortunate enough already to the nation and himself—for this reason only he has resolved to separate himself from his faithful and valiant army.

He continues, "no doubt the august Chambers know how to respect the rights of a citizen that has well served his country and has poured forth his blood for her," and that they will not interrupt his embarkation no more than he did the embarkation of those "who like himself had the disgrace to occupy the supreme command of the Republic."

All daybreak on the morning of the 11th ult. Santa Anna left his camp in a coach, taking the route for Vera Cruz, escorted by 300 calvary, but soon changed his course for Orizava, intending to leave the Republic from Huatzaucualco or some port in Oajaca, as the road to Vera Cruz was strongly fortified at almost every place through which he would have to pass. Having dismissed his escort, he proceeded as a citizen, until he was arrested by some Indians, by whom he was recognised, from his lameness, and delivered up to the military authorities.

At Puente Nacional, the key of Mexico, the peasants had congregated en masse to oppose his flight.

The same day as the flight of Santa Anna took place, Generals Paredes and Arrillaga, followed by General Bravo, entered the city of Puebla with their united forces, amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants.

In a letter from the captive ex-President to the Governor of the department of Vera Cruz, dated Jalapa, 17th ult., he complains most bitterly of his treatment by his guards and the populace. He says his habitation presents the appearance of a guard room, with a sentinel constantly by his bed—he cannot sleep—the officials will permit none of his friends to have any intercourse with him.—and in fact, his condition is vastly more degrading than whilst he remained a prisoner in the hands of the Texans. His entry into Jalapa resembled a triumphal procession, conducting him as a conquered foe to his country.

"Indeed," he continues, "I would prefer death to such insults—which are neither noble nor decent."

It is stated that Santa Anna had \$40,000 in gold at his residence, Eusero, which was to have been forwarded to him, but it has fallen into the hands of the Government of the department of Vera Cruz, who propose to employ it in remunerating the inhabitants of that Department for the losses sustained by them during Santa Anna's occupation.

Captain D. Jose Santa Anna the eldest son of the fallen President, was arrested near Jalapa the morning of the 16th.

Senora Santa Anna had paid her husband a visit in camp, accompanied by her brother, a few days before his flight. She alone is faithful to the tyrant.

We have no advices from the Capital since the events we chronicle. At that period they were carrying on the trials of the ex-Ministers, and had already voted honorary medals to those citizens of Puebla who should distinguish themselves in the approaching struggle, as a so a sword to the Governor of that town.

Gen. Arista, the instrument of Santa Anna in the murders at So Tobasco, published a manifesto against his fallen leader, and declares that although they now all unite against him, they must not lose sight of Texas.

The following are the charges upon which it is understood Santa Anna will be tried:

- 1st.—High Treason in attempting to subvert the constitution and elevate himself to the supreme authority as Emperor of Mexico.
- 2d.—For violating the constitution by an arbitrary exercise of powers not delegated to him.
- 3.—For malfeasance in office; applying the monies of the government to his own use, and sending out of the country on his individual account several millions of the public money appropriated by Congress for national objects.
- 4th.—For violating the principles of war at Puebla; opening his batteries upon the city and cruelly butchering the inhabitants while a cessation of hostilities had been solicited by him and granted under the sacred guarantee of a flag of truce.
- 5th.—For robbing the national mint, pillaging cities, and appropriating to his own purposes public and private property.
- 6th.—Disobedience to orders, in refusing to deliver up his command when ordered by government.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 93-4 a 10 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1845.

■ Theatrical and Literary Notices deferred in consequence of the arrival of the Packets.

The Packet Ship *Roscus*, from Liverpool, brings European intelligence of a cheering nature, generally. The worst feature it presents being that of the Cotton market, which tended rather to depression; there was not much, however, doing therein.

The state of the Revenue, always considered one of the most decided indices of the state of commerce is of a most satisfactory description. There is hardly a falling off, under any head, whilst on the aggregate we find an increase in the quarter, ending 10th Jan., over the corresponding quarter of the previous year, of nearly half a million sterling, and the increase in the year to the same date, over that of the previous year, is £1,163,595; and we have likewise to recollect that those previous terms were highly prosperous ones. In connexion with this report however, there is still heard in a loud voice the cry of "distress," which calls to our recollection a *vicie* of things which it would be salutary to contemplate gravely. An English Journalist has been at considerable pains in analysing the proportions of taxation severally borne by a Rich Landowner and a Poor Laborer, and he makes out that whilst the latter pays to the Government upwards of fifty per cent upon the price of his necessary food, the former does not pay—even upon a liberal scale of calculation—more than seven. But the calculation does not stop here, for the figures would shew that the operation of the Corn Laws upon the Landowners estate not only covers this seven per cent. of taxation, but puts nearly twenty per cent. into his pocket. This Arithmetician does not even stop here, but, going back to the year 1793 he shews that of the expenses of the long war from that time to 1816, industry paid 92 per cent. of it, and Property—the thing to be protected—paid but the remaining 8 per cent. Now admitting for a moment that these calculations are somewhat exaggerated, it still seems plain, that those who possess nothing have been the main supporters of the property of others, and that in the distribution of the Ways and Means the burthen is thrown sadly upon the wrong shoulders. The very converse of this statement ought to be the true one, and though the change ought not—and we are too sure will not—take place shortly or suddenly, yet, as the approximate facts of this statement are not deniable, it should be the minister's duty to relieve the laboring part of the population as much as possible of imposts which press most heavily on that class, and increase the demand upon those who can better afford it and whose property it is the duty of the legislature to protect.

Let it not be urged that the Income tax is a judicious one because it is so punctually paid up. Those who have lived long in the world, and have had to be the artificers of their own fortunes, well know the fallacy of such a conclusion. Constituted as society is no man who wishes to become rich must seem to be poor, therefore all but paupers put on the best appearance they can, and pay the Income tax, whatever else they may postpone; besides, if they did not, there are the horrors, to a tender conscientious man, of an affidavit, and to a struggling man, of an enquiry into the solvency of his condition. It is therefore a skilful but cruel play on the condition of the middle classes to inflict upon them a tax which they are almost always sure to overpay, if they would avoid unpleasant animadversions. Property,—property is the fund that should mainly supply the Revenue; and why should it not be upon a graduated scale, as it was when first invented as a means of national revenue. To say the truth, respecting the duty of Sir Robert Peel, or rather of his organ the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the next opening of the budget, he ought to decrease the taxation on the poor and make up the deficiency from the rich. This is no more than equitable to say the least of it.

The Repeal agitation is going "down, down," the rent is now nearly nominal, and, to crown Mr. O'Connell's disasters, he has now got himself involved in differences with the Irish Hierarchy. True his original popularity has not yet waned so greatly but that he can here and there get up an excitement on a small scale, but these are among his last struggles, and we perceive by one item of the latest intelligence that he might probably be able to "back out" of all past troubles if he were sent as one of a commission to Rome, to watch the British proceedings at the Vatican, where he states, as upon respectable authority, that Mr. Win. Petre, an English Catholic, and the Austrian Ambassador, are negotiating with his Holiness relative to the Catholic Church in Ireland, and where he asserts that these have power to promise provision for the Irish Clergy provided the Pope will concede the power to the British Government to nominate future Catholic Bishops. Should this be true and should it be granted, how will the Agitator be situated with regard to his belief in the infallibility of his spiritual head? How? Why he has already made up his mind upon it, he says it would be "a temporal and political affair, and would therefore be void."

It would appear that the Irish Charitable Bequests Act has turned out a Rock a-head to Mr. O'Connell, for it has conciliated the Clergy, who can conciliate the people, and the idea of his bringing himself into hostile collision with the Catholic prelates is very like the determination of an earthen vessel to dash it self against one made of metallic substance. Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues have made a master-stroke in this, and in the projection of two new Colleges. The Irish are never insensible to a liberal move of the Government, and these which minister to freedom of conscience, and protection to their religion and its

institutions, are exactly calculated to relax the rigour of their animosity, to produce obedience, perhaps love, of the laws, and to open their eyes against the visionary trash which has hitherto deceived them. The conduct of the government in this proceeding gives general satisfaction through every complexion of party. The proposed localities for the new Colleges are Cork and Belfast, which are nearly equi-distant on each side from that of Dublin, or sufficiently so for general accommodation. The Pope himself, is said, in a Rescript to have approved the Charitable Bequests Bill, and to have advised the clergy to conduct themselves meekly and obediently; surely then, so good a Catholic as Mr. O'Connell professes himself to be, so obedient and confiding a son of the Church, will not endeavour to stir up the people against their spiritual teachers, —he would surely not become a Schismatic!

The "Rubric" controversy continues in England; it is still warm but its fury has abated. Being but a matter of discipline and form for the most part, it may easily be settled but not without a formal and authoritative interference therein. The Bishop of Exeter, upon remonstrance from the proper quarter has relaxed his severity with regard to the clergy of his Diocese; in other words he "kisses the rod," but has not by any means abandoned his principles; and he is so far faithful to the Tractarian doctrines that he has even given permission to Dr. Pusey to preach in the Diocese of Exeter, in the very face of the sentence of suspension pronounced against Dr. P at Oxford. The Bishop excuses himself, first by saying that the sentence extends only through the Diocese of Oxford, and secondly that Dr. Pusey was sentenced without any opportunity of defence; but with regard to the former excuse, it was at least ungracious to put himself in opposition to a declared authoritative sentence, and as to the latter, the Bishop was informed that a precise notice of the charge against Dr. Pusey was sent to that gentleman, and that the accused forwarded a letter explaining the controverted points, which letter was also considered together with the Sermon under inquiry. But the most remarkable feature of this disturbance arises as we understand from a suggestion of Earl Fortescue to bring the matter before Parliament! What on earth can—or rather ought—Parliament have to do in the case? True, in the Upper House there is the Bench of Bishops, but Clergymen are absolutely excluded from seats in the Commons House as representatives of the people, and we should think that in that popular assembly there will be much more "talk than cider;" it seems to us to be very like plastering the foot in order to cure a disease in the head. If Parliamentary enactment be necessary—and we suppose it may—it should be grounded on a Message from the Throne, after a Convocation has been summoned and has delivered the result of its deliberations to the Queen. At least thus we read the order of things.

The Mail Steamer *Hibernia* brings our advices to the 4th inst., which are of a cheering nature, and indicate a steady progress of prosperity in trade, and in the general employment of labor.

The Queen, the Royal Consort, and Family, all continue in good health; her Majesty has recently honoured the Duke of Buckingham with a visit at Stow, which may almost be considered as classic ground, and subsequently has paid the same compliment to the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsay. By this mode of procedure, and by her Majesty's graceful condescension throughout those progresses she daily rivets more and more those popular ties which so justly entitle her to be considered "The Queen of Hearts."

Cotton was somewhat firmer than by the advices per *Roscus*, in fact this article has become much more steady in price than formerly.

The London Spectator, a Journal which is commonly both correct and cautious allowed a paragraph to find way into its columns of a distressing nature to the friends of the excellent Governor-General of Canada, as regarded his state of health; we are happy to perceive it so far contradicted that the report of the appointment of Sir H. Pottinger to be his successor is denied, nor is there any other appointment alluded to. Her Majesty has created Sir Charles Metcalfe a Peer of the United Kingdom by the title of Baron Metcalfe, and it is stated that the veteran soldier and able governor has declared his resolution "to die in harness." He has suffered however, very grievously, nor can we now suppose him to have become effectually relieved; but bravery of soul can defy physical pain, and this quality is essentially one in the character of Lord Metcalfe.

Mr. Gladstone has resigned his office of President of the Board of Trade, ostensibly on the subject of Sugar Duties, but in reality, as we learn, on account of his Tractarian sentiments. It is said that although he parts from official participation with his late colleagues in the Ministry, he does not intend to oppose them in the house. Lord Dalhousie is expected to be Mr. Gladstone's successor.

Another change occurs in the withdrawal of Lord Eliot from the office of Secretary for Ireland, he will probably be succeeded by Sir Thos. Fremantle.

Nothing can be imagined more dignified, yet more moderate than the address of Archbishop Howley to the Clergy of his Province, touching these heats with regard to the Rubrics. The London Spectator which we have elsewhere quoted on this subject contains the address at large, to which we would willingly give place, were it not for the pressure of matter incidental to the arrival of the Mail Steamer; we shall, however, re-peruse it, and may probably give at least a digest of it hereafter.

One of the most complete specimens of unblushing mendacity—as we consider the matter—that has lately been brought before our eyes is an asserted communication from Washington that, upon the capture of Santa Anna, there were documents found in his possession, shewing that the British Government had been for some time treating with him for the cession of California to England. The fabricator of this monstrosity can know but little of the British

Government, of Santa Anna himself, or of the nature of war; else would he never have put together a story of such incongruous materials. We would not condescend to vindicate the honour of the British Government from such an aspersion, but sure we are that it could only arise in the bosom of a silly mischief-maker, who, despairing of any other mode of producing hostile feelings between England and the United States has tried this as a *dernier ressort*.

The War party in France are for the present on the wrong side, though they fought strenuously to throw out the Guizot party. This is more than a victory, it is giving one of the wisest statesmen that ever guided the helm of the French Government at least another year of usefulness to his country. It seems that there are "waiters upon Providence" in France as well as elsewhere, for Guizot's first majority at the opening of the session was a bare one, and his second only 8; but the point being settled he was able in a few hours to count on nearly 50, with which he can carry on business well enough.

Poor Zurbano has met his fate; we had hopes that he would escape into Portugal, but he was shot in crossing the border. When will the annals of Spain cease to be stained with blood and polluted with brutal cruelty at every page!

The Drama.

It has for some time been a general cry that "the taste for the Drama has gone by," and circumstances have unfortunately been wanting to enable the real lovers of the stage to disabuse the public mind on the subject. That the real causes of its apparent decline were to be found partly in the mismanagement too frequently discernible, which would cater for diseased tastes and thereby increase the mental malady, partly in the vapid writings of modern dramatic writers, who expected to please by writing up to the fashion, and not a little in the meanness of composing for the glorification of some one popular actor at the expense of the general cast, and even of the interests of the Drama itself, have been asserted by us again and again, and we now have to thank Mr. Vandenhoff for affording proof of the fact. That excellent artist, with his daughter, has produced at Covent Garden the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and has called in the aid of music and the masterly composition of Mendelssohn to enable him to carry out so difficult a probation. The latter was unnecessary, as the following quotations from the London "Spectator" will fully show:

How curiously the anticipations as to "Antigone" have been disappointed. It was predicted that the drama of Sophocles would be a most heavy affair, but that the music of Mendelssohn would carry it through triumphantly. The reverse was the case—The tragedy triumphed, and the composition was sibilated; but the sibilation was intended for the singers, and not for the inspirations which emanate from genius kindred to that of the Greek poet. Mendelssohn has treated his most difficult subject in a classical spirit. Of the music ascribed to the Greeks he makes no use: but from his constant use of unisonous melody we should conclude that he holds with the doctrine that the Greeks were unacquainted with harmony and counterpoint. The singers chant a good deal in recitative—Gregorian in character, but at times full harmonies are heard, as massive, indeed, as any of Handel's choral effects. All iteration of language is avoided; the poem proceeds rapidly, with the instrumental accompaniments sustaining the voices, or the break in the poetry is filled up by energetic phrases from the band of startling power. The declamation of *Antigone* in the scene where she is consigned to the tomb had an electrical effect, although Miss Vandenhoff did not deliver the recitative with the musical inflexions, but simply recited the poetry, and that in the most impassioned manner. Indeed, the acting of this lady was the theme of universal admiration. From the moment that *Antigone* glories before Creon in the act of sisterly affection for which she is sentenced to be buried alive, to the scene where she bewails her fate, she declaimed with dignity, and acted with sculptural beauty. Vandenhoff looked like Jupiter as the King Creon, and supported the part nobly through the earlier scenes. When he broke out into exclamations of grief, after the deaths of his son and wife, he displayed fine points. His utterance of the following lines was the climax of histrionic eloquence:—

"Bear hence a man the shadow of himself!
My son! I caused, but did not will, thy death,—
Nor thine, my wife! O wretched, hapless me!
Ah, whither shall I turn,—on whom repose?
Calamity hath fallen on my head,
And all my hopes are shattered by the blow!"

The production of "Antigone" on an English stage is to be ascribed to its great success last year at the Odeon in Paris; but it is to the classical taste of the King of Prussia that the honour is due of its original representation at Berlin. It has been stated that the German translation from the Greek was made for Mendelssohn by the present King of Bavaria. Where is the Athens now that listened four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era to the tragedy of "Antigone"? Of the one hundred and twenty dramas of Sophocles, is it not wondrous that as many as seven should still be extant? "Edipus Tyrannus" has been regarded as the masterpiece of the Greek poet who triumphed over Aeschylus and Euripides; but in the "Antigone" the tender and pathetic, the majestic and sublime, are equally remarkable.

Never was the impending fate of a dramatic piece more completely reversed than in the case of the lyric tragedy *Antigone*, which is now running a most prosperous career at Covent Garden, and realizing all that had been hoped and expected from it. The first night merely exhibited a disorderly rehearsal, with the usual malign influences of a bad beginning, dissipating confidence, and threatening general confusion in the ranks of the choristers; in the evil effects of which both the orchestra and the actors participated. A very energetic attempt has since been made to correct what was palpably wrong on that occasion: the music has been greatly improved in the general execution; and this part represented with more fidelity to the original has elevated the whole. Vandenhoff and Miss Vandenhoff have advanced in favour; and though neither of them can be said to possess a voice favourable to "the golden cadence of poetry," and their delivery in scenes of passion smacks strongly of the old theatrical conventions, yet the situations are favourable to them; and the sim-

ple, sturdy, and sententious style of the ancient drama, joins with the music in conferring such a character of truth and elevation on the scene that the commonplaces of it are absorbed, and Creon and Antigone stand before us undoubted personifications of the hero and heroine of Grecian antiquity.

And now for some of the points in which especial improvement has been made since the first representation. The Hymn to Eros, which was on that occasion most injudiciously sung as a quartet, is now given chorally. This noble four-part song would still gain by more prominence in the upper tenors, who sing too feebly; the time also inclines too much to slowness; and, through this dragging on the one hand and want of force in the upper melody, a piece goes off unnoticed which properly performed would certainly be a universal favourite. The introductory symphony for brass instruments might also be greatly improved. There is a middle-part for the alto or tenor trombone, which towards the cadence has never been duly articulated in our hearing.

The Ode to Bacchus has gained much by an improved method of performing it. On the first night the chorus were much incommoded by the evolutions of a troop of Bacchantes who passed within and without them destitute as it seemed of any definite plan of action, and as much in defiance of the ballet-master as the musicians. Now, order is restored in this part of the work. A space is cleared before the altar and its officiating priest, in which they perform, while the chorus, divided into two parts for strophe and antistrophe, pursue their vocal occupation uninterruptedly and with noble effect. The energetic exclamations resounding from both sides of this double chorus in the quick second movement in B minor, "Hear us, Bacchus," with the mad whirl of triplets on the violins, is full of poetic fury and wild ecstasy. In the last scene the curtain now descends on a tableau, which though well imagined and effective should not be too much prolonged; it being desirable to remove as much as possible from a work of this simple and majestic nature all common and popular artifices. It would be well that the curtain should descend with the last note of the lovely concluding chorus.

With regard to the time of the several movements, there is scarcely an exception to be made; save only to the chorus in the second scene, "Wonders in nature," which would certainly gain in point of expression by being taken slower. Written in 6/8 time, the movement hurried tends too much to the jig, but restrained is full of dignity and sweetness. The flute solo which accompanies the antistrophe would then become more prominent: it is at present lost, or only heard by those who know that it exists and listen intently for it. In the general performance it is perhaps desirable that the solo instruments should stand out more than they do,—the harp, for instance, in the first scene, and oboe in the introductory solo of the chorus "How happy they."

The great dramatic scenes are the fifth, in which Antigone is led away to death, and the last, which portrays the sublime desolation of Creon. The scope of the great dramatic art of music is here, almost for the first time, exhibited to the public in connexion with situations and associated with a language and sentiments in which all can sympathize. Unity and intensity of purpose pervade the work; and the audience cannot refuse sympathy to what the poet and musician have strongly felt before them. In truth, as it regards the audience, the result evinces that a step has been made in favour of good music,—they are evidently deeply interested; while the combined effect on the experienced playgoer carries him back to the golden days of Kean in Shakespeare.

LEGENDS.

We may regret the infatuation of remote ages, but we should not forget how, in comparatively late days traditions arose and swelled in wonder as years rolled over them, and how mechanical devices, simple in themselves but not comprehended by the public, were metamorphosed into supernatural productions, which increased in mystery and magnitude as the times when they were contemplated receded from those of their birth. Had printing not been introduced we might have competed with the ancients in prodigies, and prodigies as fully believed; for there are few old examples derived from tangible mechanism, or pure phantasma, that have not been imitated by modern manufacturers. But alas for these! the revival of letters is the bane of their fame. Stripped of their borrowed garments they stand before us as ordinary mortals—a predicament most of their predecessors would be in, had we equal facilities to disrobe them.

If Medea restored youth and elasticity to the aged and decrepit by herbs and drugs, Raymond Lull and others, prepared from similar ingredients the veritable elixir of life. The androids of Dædalus, were so strongly imbued with the faculty of locomotion that to prevent their escape they had to be shackled; but not less marvellous was the garrulity of several brazen images, e.g., that of Albertus, which, by the incessant use of its tongue so prevented young Aquinas from pursuing his studies, that not till he broke its head with a hammer was a stop put to its loquacity. Old jugglers took occasional flights upon dragons, and some, imitating Ganymede, mounted the air upon eagles—granted—but did not Dr. John Dee make a huge Scabæus which flew off with a man on its back and took a basket of provisions for the journey.

The resemblance holds good in sublime matters: the King of the old Gods handled thunder with one hand and darted forked rays from the other, but Hildebrand, a modern Jupiter, elicited lightning by moving his arm and thunder by shaking his sleeve.

Amphion raised massive buildings by the sound of his lute—Merlin did no less in conveying rocks through the air and making them take the very places they now occupy at Stonehenge. Pliny tells of a boy who rode daily to and from school on the back of a dolphin; the intelligent animal attending morning and evening, to ferry him over an arm of the sea. And is it not a matter of ecclesiastical history that a gentleman named Antony, instructed smaller fishes in ethics—his audience flew to the shore on his approach, raised their heads and listened to the lecturer with becoming attention, and when he concluded, expressed their acknowledgment for the information received, by shaking their tails, and instantly disappearing to put the new doctrines in practice.

Hercules dragged Cerberus from hell, and seared with glowing iron the necks of the hydra; and who has forgot how a subsequent and much weaker hero compelled the prince of darkness himself to go to his place, after severely cauterizing with hot pokers a tender part of his person. But to conclude with a pleasanter subject. The old deities romped up and down mount Olympus, the higher regions of which they called heaven. On the whole they were a pretty smart company, but had Bishop Wilkins lived with them he would certainly have elevated their views somewhat higher. His project for reaching the moon had then reached us in a description of its people and palaces, and of Hebes handing out ambrosia and nectar, at baiting places, to guests travelling thither.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Painting.

ON THE "CUI BONO" OF THE FINE ARTS.

The above is the test maxim of the age, for there is nothing seen, felt, or heard, but the universal question is asked, "Of what use is it." Now it is an extremely difficult task, in a brief article like this, to be lucid upon such things as owe their only value to a principle of intellectuality, because it is like the question of "what is poetry?" of which Coleridge somewhere says of the person who makes such an inquiry, you may be sure he has none in his nature, and, therefore, he never can truly comprehend any mere definition; so of a person of a sluggish or a low intellect, he has not the requisite qualification to be interested in works of genius, and consequently, it will be almost impossible to prove to him the ennobling value of the productions of poets and painters.

Living as we are in the midst of a Democracy, *whose will is law*, it behoves every one who has the true honor and glory of his country at heart, to aim at giving to the multitude an elevated motive of action, and we know of none more pure and refining than such pursuits as will enable us to hold communion with Nature. The poet, whether he uses pen or pencil, can accomplish nothing save by studious contemplation; and at such times only when his soul has been warmed into deep emotion by the beauties of Nature, will he be able to give utterance to his sentiments and convey Her teachings to others with a stirring breath of life.

We readily perceive in glancing over the pages of history, that the human mind in ages of barbarism, of violence, of tyranny, has never heeded those pure elevating pleasures to be found in cultivating the love of the beautiful—a *germ of intellectuality that has been given to man, and to man alone*. And why was this germ implanted in our souls, if not intended to be cultivated? Every where grandeur and beauty are strewn over the wide universe; as with an unmistakable design to nurture its growth till it shall lead us, from the contemplation of outward nature, to spiritualize upon the latent principle within, which, when matured, cannot fail to draw us up in adoration of Nature's God!

"There is a gentle element, and man
May breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters, till his heart
Is pure,—and this is human happiness.

Go abroad
Upon the paths of Nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God
Who hath the living waters, shall be there!"

WILLIS.

Would Greece have risen to her proud sublimity among Nations, if she had failed to appreciate the labors of her artists; she was idolatrous, it is true, but she was refined, while all around were more terribly bowed down to the very earth, by a cruel paganism that required hecatombs of victims for a sacrifice to their false religion. Had not the benighted mind in that distant age struck upon a spark of the lovely, which, scintillated amidst a cheerless gloom, her Solons, Platos, and Socrates, might have hoped in vain to win the minds of the multitude to worship that dawn of truth, which caused an altar to be erected to the "Unknown God."

It was doubtless the contemplation of the beautiful, that led her great men to teach spiritual truths, under a Mythos now imperfectly understood, and which elevated and refined the age, causing it to stand out in such distinct relief from amongst their contemporaries.

Now turn and look at her ruthless conqueror,—victorious Rome, that afterwards became the so-styled mistress of the world,—witness how she demolished those beautiful creations of contemplative genius, and revelled in the work like swine turned loose in a flower garden. Her generals led on hordes as barbarous as themselves, not dreaming that there was a pleasure, a happiness to be found in understanding works which raised the soul from earth. Contentions, tumults, havocs, were the passions of their nature, the foul demon destruction they bowed down to in worship. Having no communion in the peaceful paths of poetry, they could not create, but they could destroy; and we execrate them for the mutilation of such wondrous works of art, many of which are yet before the living world, to confirm and justify the account of Grecian enthusiasm. Three thousand years have these existed, and might have served as models to each succeeding generation, but alas, during those three thousand years the human mind has slumbered in darkness, where no beauty dwells, till now it is being aroused from its lethargy, and the rulers of Nations are awakening to a just sense of the importance of cultivating, in the minds of the multitude, such modes of thought, as shall wean them from besotted, low, and grovelling pastimes, whereby they become their country's scourge; rendering war and all its dreadful consequences, an almost necessary evil, to rid the land of their pestilential influence. But our day and generation are awakening; the "million" are beginning to know, because they are beginning to feel and understand, another kind of gratification and happiness, of an ennobling tendency, to be found in such pursuits as a love of the beautiful engenders, and which can never be found in revelry or mad intoxication, in tumults, in havoc, or in crime.

Divine Wisdom has so constructed man that he must have some lure to action. He cannot, like the brute, be merely alternating in food and sleep; therefore if his energies pursue not the paths of peace he will be led by ambition and strife, with all their concomitant evils, to war, spoliation, and inevitable misery!

Look at the debasing Bull Baits of a past century, and at the Bull Fights abroad of the present time. Next look at the public galleries of art, and watch the great pleasure of the educated man as he silently proceeds in his examination of works, with catalogue in hand; observe also the unobtrusive admiration of the labourers, as they go the rounds of the exhibitions spending the short time they may be able to spare from the sordid pursuits of life in the enjoyment of a pleasure that has for its train no one evil consequence, but contrariwise. Contrast the two states of society—of the age—and which should we prefer? The answer is obvious.

We will turn for a moment to the pages of Ancient History for further authority as to the ennobling tendency of the arts, if such vouchers as can be there found be needful. There we learn that Socrates was a sculptor by profession; Plato, the *divine Plato* as he is called by some, studied Painting; *Æsop* made artists his companions; Marcus Aurelius received lessons in Philosophy from a painter, and maintained that these lessons first taught him to discover the true from the false. When Paulus *Æmelius* sent to the Athenians for an able Philosopher to educate his children, they selected Metrodorus the painter, who had also charge of one of the Scipios.

We well know the important use the Church of Rome made of paintings to extend her dominion, thereby proving their great usefulness in exciting devotional feelings.

We are told that the great Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds being at Mrs. Thrale's, in company, the latter had occasion to leave the room, when the Dr. observed "There goes a great man not to be spoiled by prosperity;" and on another occasion he said, "a story is a specimen of human manners, and derives its sole merit from its truth; when Foote has told me something I dismiss it from my mind like a passing shadow; when Reynolds tells me some thing, I consider myself as possessed of an idea the more." It would be an easy task to cull pages from Ancient and Modern History to prove the utility, the "*Cui Bono*" of cherishing, of maturing, the intellectual germ with which man only is blessed in this world of ours, but our limits forbid a more extended array of such authority.

These remarks are imperatively called for at the present time, because with sorrow we learn that the excellent examples of Manchester, Durham, and several other great towns in England, so far from being followed up in this city, are likely to meet with determined and effective opposition. After a subscription of several thousands of Dollars here for the promotion of a popular and national exhibition of works of Art, with the benevolent purpose of giving rational entertainment to the laboring portion of the community and for the more general cultivation of taste and judgment, the Rotunda—the late Post Office—is likely to be denied by more than one branch of the city authorities after being unanimously approved by another; and this too on the score of *Economy! Economy!* which would deprive the multitude of a refined gratification, calculated in every way to elevate their sentiments, to supply material for conversation, for comparison, for the exercise of judgment, for the use of the intellectual powers, and would send them on the contrary to the debasing retreats of the grog-shop, the porter house, of gambling, quarrelling, and sensuality! Strange economy this, which would cause a double expenditure of money, a quadruple expenditure of constitution, which would fill the almshouse with paupers, the hospitals with sick, rather than coöperate in procuring refined and wholesome entertainment at a low rate.

We do trust that those who have hitherto been hostile to so excellent a project, will turn the matter over once more, ascertain the source of their erroneous notions on this subject, and promptly make the only atonement left to honest hearts upon the discovery of a mistaken idea,—that of assisting in the cause they may have hitherto condemned.

PHILO HUMANITAS.

GEORGE W. NEWCOMBE,

MINIATURE PAINTER, ASSOCIATE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

The late George W. Newcombe, A. was born Sept. 28th, 1799, at Portsmouth, England, and received his education at a school kept by one of the French refugees then residing at that town. At the early age of fourteen he commenced studying drawing and miniature painting under a Mr. West, then a resident of Portsea, and from the age of sixteen did a considerable business, considering his years, in painting water colour sketches, at moderate prices. At 18 years of age he was engaged by Sir George Dallas to copy some of the pictures in his gallery at Titchfield, in which occupation he continued about two years. Having saved some money he went to Brighton and took lessons of a popular miniature painter of the name of Frith, who had formerly been an officer in the British Army. In the year 1822 he visited London, and drew for the privilege of studying at the Royal academy. His drawing was accepted and he was passed as a student, but never availed himself of its advantages. He attended two courses of Anatomical lectures and was engaged by Mr. Simpson, Sir Thomas Lawrence's principal assistant, to illustrate and Lithograph an anatomical work which he (Mr. Simpson) was then publishing. Mr. Newcombe was occupied on the work upwards of twelve months, but we believe without reaping any pecuniary advantage; his lithographs were considered good and produced him some reputation, but no money. Being of an enterprising turn of mind he formed a connection with Mr. W. C. Smith, a talented profligate, and during this connection he visited professionally the principal cities and towns of England, Scotland and Ireland. And in Dublin he painted a great many sketches of the street beggars, some of whom were well known characters in their line. In 1826 he settled in London and followed his profes-

sion of miniature painter, but, as we believe, with indifferent success. In the month of Sept. 1827 he married a widow lady, the sister of a brother artist. This proved a most happy union, though without issue; and to the son of the lady by a former husband he proved a fond father. His works of this period bear evidence of more careful finish than those of latter days. The head of an old lady, one of Captain Cook, a well known Dublin character, and some copies of old paintings, which are now in possession of the family, show conclusively that our artist possessed respectable ability in his department of art, and in general intention and colour his pictures possessed more merit than he usually received credit for. The great want of smoothness, in his works—we would not say "finish" for they are two very distinct qualities—prevented in many instances their receiving that praise to which their other merits entitled them.

Business decreasing, he, on the representations of a wealthy American friend, visited America, leaving London in Nov. 1828, and arriving at New York early in 1829. For two years after his arrival he was successful in the practice of his profession of miniature painter, and was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design. But his practice failing, and his wife having in the interim opened a store in the city, he, at the end of the time almost discontinued painting and confined his attention to trade.

He was an accomplished musician, whether as an instrumental performer, a vocalist, or a composer; he filled the situation of tenor singer at St. Paul's for seven years; part of which time he officiated as clerk; and gave, as we understand, unqualified satisfaction to all with whom his official duties brought him in contact. At an early period of his residence here, he became a citizen of the United States, and a warm supporter of its institutions, fulfilling all his duties with heart and purse. Mr. Newcombe held a commission in the militia during the length of time required by law to release him from military duty, with credit to himself and satisfaction to those with whom it brought him associated. He was a man universally respected for his sterling integrity, his singleness of heart, his cheerful though modest retiring disposition, and his promptitude in relieving distress. By careful industry he had amassed a small competency, upon the enjoyment of which he was just about to enter when he was suddenly cut off.

He had hardly suffered a day's sickness during his life, and on the day of his death was in unusually good spirits, and visited several of his brother artists (Messrs. Cummings, Ingham, and Chapman) who speak of him as uncommonly cheerful on the forenoon of that day. His death was supposed to have been caused by apoplexy, and he scarcely lived two minutes from the commencement of the attack to its fatal termination, and uttered not a syllable to those who anxiously called on him for a last lingering word. He had every possible attention that medical assistance and a loving wife's kindness could render. He died Feb. 9th, 1845, in the 46th year of his age; for one so generally esteemed his funeral attendance was such as might be expected. The pall bearers comprised some of the oldest Academicians and members of the N. A. of Design, and of the principal Musical talent of the city.

His remains were born to St. Paul's Chapel where the full funeral service was performed according to the rites of the Episcopal church, and they were afterwards interred in St. John's burial ground, in Hudson st. in this city.

In all the social duties of life he stood pre-eminent; he was himself a kind son, and to the last contributed to supply the wants and soothe the pillow of an aged mother—such a son could not but be an excellent husband and father. And such a character he proved to the now bereaved widow and step son who must mourn the loss of their beloved protector; from whom the latter, now in manhood, states he never received an unkind word. To the widowed sister and nephews of his wife he was in like manner a friend and parent, and his loss will not easily be supplied to those who claimed his friendship and esteem, of whom the writer of this felt proud to rank himself among the number.

No splendid tomb marks the place of his repose; but he has himself by his conduct erected the proudest monument to his memory, the respect and esteem of all who knew him; and as they pass his resting place they may proudly point to the spot and with truth exclaim, "here lie the remains of one of God's noblest works, an HONEST MAN."

The following resolutions were passed among the proceedings of the Academy of Design on the day of the funeral.

Special meeting of the National Academy of Design, held Feb. 11, 1845.

Mr. Cummings having communicated the death of George W. Newcombe, associate of the National Academy of Design, Mr. Shegogue offered the following resolution.

Resolved, That we have heard with deep regret of the death of our fellow associate George W. Newcombe, a man of respectability in his profession, and a model in all the social virtues in life, to whom we may proudly apply the title of an honest man.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning crape on the left arm, for thirty days, and attend his funeral in a body; that a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased and published in the daily papers.

Signed THOS. G. CHAPMAN, Recording Secretary.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

Part I.—Introduction.

The subject on which I am about to venture, perhaps rashly and presumptuously, is so vast, so varied—it opens up so many and such diverging sources of interest and inquiry, that order in the treatment is especially necessary. Where to begin—on which point to take our stand—has been the difficulty. It appears to me, that all the sacred and legendary subjects treated in Painting and Sculpture may be classed under four distinct heads, beginning with the lowest grade, and ascending to the highest and most mystical.

I. The legends of saints and martyrs.

II. The legends of the Madonna.

III. The Scriptural and legendary life of Christ.

IV. The typical incidents and characters of the Old Testament.

We shall find, as we proceed, that all these subjects, artistically considered, stand in some relation to each other, general or particular. But, for the present, we shall confine ourselves to the subjects of the first class; and, to prevent all misunderstanding with regard to the particular view taken, I shall hazard a few preliminary considerations.

We cannot look round a picture gallery—we cannot turn to a portfolio of prints after the old masters—we cannot even look over the modern engravings which pour upon us daily, from Paris, Munich, or Berlin, without perceiving how many of the most celebrated productions of Art, more particularly those which have descended to us from the early Italian and German schools, represent incidents and characters taken from the once popular legends of the Catholic Church. This form of "Hero worship," as Mr. Carlyle might, but very certainly would not, term it, has become, since the Reformation, strange to us,—as far removed from our sympathies and associations as if it were antecedent to the fall of Babylon, and related to the religion of Zoroaster, instead of being left but two or three centuries behind us, and closely connected with the faith of our forefathers and the history of civilization and Christianity. Of late years, with a growing passion for the works of Art of the Middle Ages, there has arisen among us a desire to comprehend the state of feeling which produced them, and the legends and traditions on which they are founded; a desire to understand and to bring to some surer critical test, representations which have become familiar without being intelligible. To enable us to do this, we must pause for a moment at the outset; and before we plunge into the midst of things, ascend to higher ground, and command a far wider range of illustration than has yet been attempted, in order to take cognizance of principles and results which, if not new, must be contemplated in new relation to each other.

The legendary Art of the middle Ages sprung out of the legendary literature of the preceding ages. For three centuries at least, this literature, the only literature which existed at the time, formed the sole mental and moral nourishment of the people of Europe. The romances of Chivalry, which long afterwards succeeded, were confined to particular classes, and left no impression on Art, beyond the miniature illumination of a few manuscripts. This legendary literature, on the contrary, which had worked itself into the life of the people, became, like the antique mythology, as a living soul, diffused through the loveliest forms of Art, still vivid and vivifying, even when the old faith in its mystical significance was lost or forgotten. And it is a mistake to suppose that these legends had their origin in the dreams of dreaming monks. The wildest of them had some basis of truth to rest on. The form which they gradually assumed was but the necessary result of the age which produced them. They became the intense expression of that inner life, which revolted against the desolation and emptiness of the outward existence; of those crushed and outraged sympathies which cried aloud for rest and refuge, and solace, and could nowhere find them. It will be said "in the purer doctrine of the Gospel"—but where was that to be found? The Gospel was not then the heritage of the poor: Christ, as a comforter, walked not among them. His own blessed teaching was inaccessible, except to the learned. It was shut up in rare manuscript; it was perverted and sophisticated by the passions and the blindness of those few to whom it was accessible. The bitter disputes in the early church relative to the nature of the godhead, the subtle distinctions and incomprehensible arguments of the theologians, the dread entertained by the predominant church of any heterodox opinions concerning the divinity of the Redeemer, had all conspired to remove Him, in his personal character of Teacher and Saviour, far away from the hearts of the benighted and miserable people—far, far away into regions speculative, mysterious, spiritual, whither they could not, dare not, follow Him. In this state of things, "Christ became the object of a remoter, a more awful adoration. The mind began, therefore, to seek out or eagerly to seize some other more material beings in closer alliance with human sympathies." I quote from Mr. Millman, (History of Christianity, vol. iii. p. 540.) and the same author, after tracing in vivid and beautiful language, the dangerous but natural consequence of this feeling, thus sums up the result: "During the perilous and gloomy days of persecution, the reverence for those who endured martyrdom for the religion of Christ had grown up out of the best feelings of man's improved nature. Reverence gradually grew into veneration, worship, adoration. Although the more rigid theology maintained a marked distinction between the honour shown to the martyrs, and that addressed to the Redeemer and the Supreme Being, the line was too fine and invisible not to be transgressed by excited popular feeling." (p. 434.)

"We live," says the poet, "through admiration, hope, and love." Out of these vital aspirations—not indeed always "well or wisely placed," but never as in the heathen mythology, degraded to vicious and contemptible objects—arose and spread the universal passion for the traditional histories of the saints and martyrs,—personages endeared and sanctified in all hearts, partly as examples of the loftiest virtue, partly as benign intercessors between suffering humanity and that Deity who, in every other light than as a God of vengeance, had been veiled from their eyes by the perversities of schoolmen and fanatics, till He had receded beyond their reach, almost beyond their comprehension. Of the prevalence and of the incalculable influence of this legendary literature from the seventh to the tenth century, that is, just about the period when Modern Art was struggling into existence, we have a most striking picture in Guizot's "Histoire de la Civilisation" (16me Leçon): "As after the siege of Troy (says this philosophical and eloquent writer) there were found, in every city of Greece, men who collected the traditions and adventures of heroes, and sung them for the recreation of the people, till these recitals became a national passion, a national poetry, so, at the time of which we speak, the traditions of what may be called the heroic ages of Christianity had the same interest for the nations of Europe. There were men who made it their business to collect them, to transcribe them, to read or recite them aloud for the edification and delight of the people. And this was the only literature, properly so called, of that time." (See also the whole of the following Leçon. 17th.)

Now, if we go back to the authentic histories of the sufferings and heroism of the early martyrs, we shall find enough there, both of the wonderful and the affecting, to justify the credulity and enthusiasm of the unlettered people, who saw no reason why they should not believe in one miracle as well as in another. In these universally diffused legends, we may recognise the means—at least one of the means—by which a merciful Providence, working through its own immutable laws, had provided against the utter depravation, almost extinction, of society. Of the "Dark Ages," emphatically so called, the pe-

riod of which we speak was perhaps the darkest; it was "of night's black arch the key-stone." At a time when men were given over to the direst evils that can afflict humanity,—ignorance, idleness, wickedness, misery; at a time when the every day incidents of life were a violation of all the moral instincts of mankind; at a time when all things seemed abandoned to a blind chance or the brutal law of force; when there was no repose, no refuge, no safety anywhere; when the powerful inflicted, and the weak endured whatever we can conceive of most revolting and intolerable; when slavery was recognized by law throughout Europe; when men fled to cloisters, to shut themselves from oppression, and women to shield themselves from outrage; when the manners were harsh, the language gross; when all the softer social sentiments, as pity, reverence, tenderness, found no resting place in the actual relations of life; when, for the higher ranks, there was only the fierce excitement of war, and on the humbler classes lay the weary, dreary monotony of a stagnant existence, poor in pleasures of every kind, without aim, without hope; then—wondrous reaction of the ineffaceable instincts of good implanted within us!—arose a literature which reversed the outward order of things, which asserted and kept alive in the hearts of men those pure principles of Christianity which were outraged in their daily actions: a literature, in which peace was better than war, and suffering more dignified than resistance; which represented poverty and toil as honourable, and charity as the first of virtues; which held up to imitation and emulation, self-sacrifice in the cause of good, and contempt of death for conscience sake: a literature, in which the tenderness, the chastity, the heroism of women, played a conspicuous part; which distinctly protested against slavery, against violence, against impurity in word and deed; which refreshed the fevered and darkened spirit with images of moral beauty and truth; revealed bright glimpses of a better land, where "the wicked ceased from troubling," and brought down the angels of God with shining wings and bearing crowns of glory to do battle with the demons of darkness, to catch the fleeting soul of the triumphant martyr, and carry it at once into a paradise of eternal blessedness and peace.

Now the legendary Art of those three centuries which comprise the revival of learning, was, as I have said, the reflection of this literature, of this teaching. Considered in this point of view, can we easily overrate its interest and importance?

When, after the long period of darkness which followed upon the decline of the Roman Empire, the Fine Arts began to revive; the first, and for several ages the only impress they received was that of the religious spirit of the time. Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Architecture, as they emerged one after another from the "formless void," were pressed into the service of the Church. But it is a mistake to suppose that in adapting the reviving Arts to her purposes, in that magnificent spirit of calculation which at all times characterized her, the Church from the beginning selected the subjects or dictated the use that was to be made of them. We find, on the contrary, edicts and councils repressing the popular extravagances in this respect, and denouncing those apocryphal versions of sacred events and traditions which had become the delight of the people; but vain were councils and edicts;—the tide was too strong to be so checked. The Church found herself obliged to accept and mould to her own objects the excitements she could not eradicate. She absorbed, so to speak, the evils and errors she could not expel. There seems to have been at this time a sort of compromise between the popular legends, with all their wild mixture of northern and classical superstitions, and the church legends properly so called. The first great object to which reviving Art was destined, was to render the Christian places of worship theatres of instruction and improvement for the people, to attract and to interest them by representations of scenes, events, and personages, already so familiar as to require no explanation, appealing at once to their intelligence and their sympathies; embodying in beautiful shapes beautiful at least in their eyes, (associations and feelings and memories deep rooted in their very hearts, and which had influenced in no slight degree the progress of civilization,) the development of mind. Upon these creations of elder Art, we cannot look as those did for whom they were created; we cannot annihilate the centuries which lie between us and them; we cannot, in simplicity of heart, forget the artist in the image he has placed before us, nor supply what may be deficient in his work, through a reverentially excited fancy. We are critical not credulous.

We have wholly repudiated this polytheistic form of Christianity, and there is no danger, I suppose, of our falling again into the strange excess of superstition to which it led. In considering it, we must endeavour so to place ourselves as to be able to view it as a whole in a large and philosophical point of view; we must at least understand what we may not be able to realize and to feel, before we can appreciate it fully under another point of view—which at this time, perhaps, comes more home to us—the artistic and picturesque.

It is about a hundred years since the passion, or the fashion, for collecting works of Art, began to be generally diffused among the rich and the noble of this land; and it is amusing to look back and to consider the perversions and affectations of would-be connoisseurship during this period; the very small stock of ideas on which people set a pretension to taste; the false notions, the mixture of pedantry and ignorance which everywhere prevailed. The publication of Richardson's book, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourse had this advantage, that they, to a certain degree, diffused a more elevated idea of Art as Art—and that they placed connoisseurship on a better and truer basis. In those days we had inquiries into the Principles of Taste, treatises on the Sublime and Beautiful, anecdotes of Painting, and abundance of antiquarian essays on disputed pictures and mutilated statues; but then, and up to a late period, any inquiry into the true spirit and significance of works of Art as connected with the history of Religion and Civilization, would have appeared ridiculous—or perhaps dangerous:—we should have had another cry of "No Popery," and acts of parliament forbidding the importation of "Saints and Madonnas." It was fortunate perhaps, that connoisseurs meddled not with such high matters. They talked volubly and harmlessly of "hands," and "masters," and "schools,"—of "draperies," or "tints" of "handling,"—of "fine heads," "fine composition," of the "grace of Raphael," and of the "Correggiosity of Correggio." The very manner in which the names of the painters were pedantically used, instead of the name of the subject, is indicative of this factitious feeling; the only question at issue was, whether such a picture was a genuine "Titian"! The spirit of the work—whether that was genuine; how far it was influenced by the faith and the condition of the age which produced it; whether the conception was properly characteristic, and of what it was characteristic—of the subject? or of the school? or of the time?—whether the treatment corresponded to the idea within our own souls, or was modified by the individuality of the artist, or by received conventionalisms of all kinds—these were questions which had not then occurred to any one; and I am not sure that we are much wiser even now; yet, setting aside all

higher considerations, how can we do common justice to the artist, unless we can bring his work to the test of truth? and how can we do this, unless we know what to look for, what was intended as to incident, expression, character? One result of our ignorance has been the admiration wasted on the flimsy mannerisms of the later ages of Art; men who apparently had no definite intention in anything they did, except a dashing outline, or a delicate finish, or a striking and attractive management of colour.

It is curious, this general ignorance with regard to the subjects of Mediaeval Art, more particularly now that it has become a reigning fashion among us. We find no such ignorance with regard to the subjects of Classical Art, because the associations connected with them form a part of liberal education. Do we hear any one say, in looking at Annibal Carracci's picture in the National Gallery, "which is Silenus, and which is Apollo?" Who ever confounds a Venus with a Minerva, or a Vestal with an Amazon; or would endure an undraped Juno, or a beardless Jupiter? Even the gardener in 'Zeluco' knew Neptune by his "fork" and Vulcan by his lame leg. We are indeed so accustomed, in visiting the churches and the galleries abroad, and the collections at home, to the predominance of sacred subjects, that it has become a mere matter of course, and excites no particular interest and attention. We have heard it all accounted for by the fact that the church and churchmen were the first and for a long time the only patrons of Art; and in every collection we are prepared for an extraordinarily large proportion of Nativities and Assumptions, Madonnas and Magdalens, St. Catherine's and St. Jeromes. Why certain events and characters from the Old and New Testament should be continually repeated, and others comparatively neglected; whence the predilection for certain legendary personages, who seem to be multiplied to infinity, and the rarity of others, of this we know nothing. We have learned perhaps, after running through half the galleries and churches in Europe, to distinguish a few of the attributes and characteristic figures which meet us at every turn, yet without any clear idea of their meaning, derivation, or relative propriety. The palm of victory, we know, designates the martyr, triumphant in death. We so far emulate the critical sagacity of the gardener in 'Zeluco' that we have learned to distinguish St. Lawrence by his gridiron, and St. Catherine by her wheel. We are not at a loss to recognise the Magdalene's "loose hair and lifted eye," even when without her skull and her pot of ointment. We learn to know St. Francis by his brown habit and shaven crown, and wasted ardent features; but how do we distinguish him from St. Anthony, or St. Dominick? As for St. George and the Dragon—from the St. George of the Louvre, Raphael's—who sits his horse with the elegant tranquility of one assured of celestial aid, down to him "who swings on a sign-post at mine hostess's door," he is our familiar acquaintance. But who is that lovely being in the first blush of youth, who bearing aloft the symbolic cross, stands with one foot on the vanquished dragon? "that is a copy after Raphael." And who is that majestic creature holding her palm branch while the unicorn crouches at her feet? "that is the famous Pordenone at Vienna."—Are we satisfied!—not in the least! but we try to look wiser, and pass on.

In the old times the painters of these legendary pictures could always reckon securely on certain associations and certain sympathies in the minds of the spectators. We have outgrown these associations; we repudiate these sympathies. We have taken these beautiful works from the consecrated localities, in which they once held each their dedicated place, and we have hung them in our drawing rooms and our dressing rooms, over our pianos and our sideboards; and what do they say to us?—That Magdalen, weeping amid her hair, who once spoke comfort to the soul of the fallen sinner—that Sebastian, arrow-pierced, whose upward ardent glance spoke of courage and hope to the tyrant-ridden serf,—that poor tortured slave, to whose aid St. Mark comes weeping down from above—can they speak to us of nothing save flowing lines and correct drawing and gorgeous colour? must we be told that one is a Titian, the other a Guido, the third a Tintoret, before we dare to melt in compassion or admiration? or the moment we refer to their ancient religious significance and influence, must it be with disdain or with pity!—this, as it appears to me, is to take not a rational but rather a most irrational as well as a most irreverent view of the question. It is to confine the pleasure and improvement to be derived from works of Art within bounds. It is to seal up a fountain of the richest poetry, and to shut out a thousand ennobling and inspiring thoughts; and such was the opinion of the late Dr. Arnold, whom no one, I imagine, will suspect of a leaning to Puseyism. In speaking of the pictures in the church of San Stefano, at Rome, he remarks "No doubt many of the particular stories thus painted will not bear a critical examination. It is likely enough, too, that Gibbon has truly accused the general statements of exaggeration. Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty, by fifty if you will, but after all, you have a number of persons of all ages and sexes suffering cruel torments and death itself for conscience sake and for Christ's"—and therefore," he adds, "pictures of this kind I think very wholesome, not to be sneered at, nor looked at as a mere excitement, but as a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace may enable us to bear; neither should we forget those who, by their sufferings were more than conquerors, not for themselves only, but for us."

To my particular taste the occasion which gave rise to this beautiful passage, the particular instance chosen is not a happy one; for I remember that the only time I ever entered that Church of San Stefano, it made me sick to death, and that I ever afterwards avoided it as I would the butcher's shambles. Carpaccio's St. Stephen, standing alone and looking down on us from his serene beatitude, seemed to me far more calculated to inspire high thoughts than all those doleful and sanguinary representations. But our forefathers of the Middle Ages were not so sensitive: to them the indomitable courage, the glorious triumph of the sufferer, were more than the stake, the wheel, the scourge, the knife: the former were heart-soothing, soul-lifting, light-giving! the latter had been rendered by the Ezzelinos and other monsters of those days mere common-places, the daily spectacle of real life.

The pleasure derived from works of Art are, I must repeat it, a thousand-fold, and ally themselves more than is usually supposed with all the pursuits and interests which can engage an enlightened and benevolent mind;—a mind that "looks before and after." There is pleasure, intense pleasure, in the consideration of Art as Art; in the exercise of a cultivated and refined judgment; in the faculties of comparison and nice discrimination, brought to bear on objects of beauty. This is criticism, or connoisseurship, properly so called. I know but few who have carried to perfection and exercised without assumption this delicacy of perception, this delightful science,—for it is a science; it may become a passion, a pursuit in itself; it may or it may not be allied with other sources of pleasure, with more variety of association, and habits of more exclusive thought. But this particular branch of criticism, in which I do not profess myself skilled, we shall for the present leave wholly aside. We are about to take up entirely new ground, and to consider works of Art under a

wholly different classification, which has reference to subject merely, and to the treatment of one particular class of subjects, namely, sacred subjects, at various periods and in various schools of Art, from the earliest ages of Christianity to the present time.—(To be continued.)

NEW PROCESS OF COPYING ENGRAVINGS.

In this age of wonders it is, at all events, a consolation to know that matter is not endowed with intellectual power—that machinery cannot think; for imagination may scarcely limit the boundaries to which science may attain, or calculate the extent to which the work of man's hands will do the work of man. We do not, at the present moment, design to speculate upon the ultimate results of accumulated marvels, to which every day seems to add at least one; we are not called upon to say whether we would or would not arrest—for instance—the progress of an invention which, at first sight, seems to threaten ruin to a very numerous and most important class of the community; we cannot stay its onward course if we would. With reference to this branch of our subject we shall only say, by way of introduction, that whatever shall tend to make cheap—that is to say, accessible to the many—good art and good literature, is a boon to mankind; an advantage to society at large, although it may prejudice—as all innovations inevitably do—existing interests. We shall be called upon to consider this topic at greater length; at present let it suffice that, if the invention we are about to notice will fully accomplish that which is assumed, the engraving must be first produced; the mind must have been exercised before the mechanic can be employed. We are, we verily believe, on the eve of other inventions—capable of no inference so satisfactory. It will be our duty to announce and describe them ere long.

The new process by which engravings may be multiplied, *ad infinitum*, we have now to consider. All we know of it may be briefly told. Some months ago we stated that "a discovery had been made, by which, in a few days, a large and elaborate line engraving might be so accurately copied that there should be no perceptible difference between the original and the copy; that an engraving on steel or copper might be produced from an impression of the print—the original plate never having been seen by the copyist; and that such plate be warranted to yield from 10,000 to 20,000 impressions. We stated, also, that it was stated to us, that the producer would undertake to supply a Bank of England note so exactly copied that the person who signed and issued it should not be able to swear which was the original and which the copy."

The print which accompanies this notice has been so produced. Mr. Darton, the respected publisher of Holborn hill, undertook to procure for us the plate—a copy from any print we might select, no matter what the size—within a fortnight. We consequently procured a proof of an engraving—the head of the Saviour, from the burin of M. Blanchard, from the painting of Delaroche—of which at the end of seven days he presented to us a "proof in progress," which he delivered finished at the end of fourteen days. From that plate we have taken between 4,000 and 5,000 impressions, and have no doubt whatever that it is capable of yielding twice the number.

As soon as the plate was placed in our hands finished, we submitted it to several artists—painters and engravers; at the same time we laid before them impressions from the plate, and a proof of the original plate, taken, of course, in Paris. The opinion at which they arrived was that, although it was not difficult to distinguish the original from the copy, they were so thoroughly alike that any person of practised eye might suppose the two to be from the same plate, the one being merely taken with greater care than the other; that they were precisely the same, line for line and "touch for touch"; and that this example completely established the principle: they considered the invention to be the most wonderful and most unaccountable that had been made in modern times, in connection with art.

It is needless to add, that by the artists to whom we refer many "guesses" were made as to the mode by which this marvellous process was effected;—apparently, however, without the least result. We should observe that the process does not infer a necessity for injuring the print delivered as the model. That print is returned unscathed.

Further we add, that the inventor—an Englishman—is an engraver by profession. He has produced our example under serious disadvantages—being in ill health, having had to work in dark and frosty weather, and having been far too much hurried by us, in consequence of our desire to issue our copies with our January part. Moreover, the steel was not prepared expressly for the purpose, and was by no means fortunate for work.

We have no doubt whatever that, under more auspicious circumstances, the inventor may produce a plate so exactly resembling the original proof that there shall be no perceptible difference between the two even to the practised eye; and that he may achieve this work within eight days.

And we think that all who examine this example fairly will be of our opinion.

This is all we know about the matter. We subjected the invention to the severest test—by selecting a subject so accessible that any person who will take the trouble to do so may compare the original with the copy.

It would be idle to attempt to solve this mystery; the inventor has taken out no patent, neither can he do so, inasmuch as, if he do, any unprincipled person may at once adopt it—with little probability of the inventor being able to prove that his process has been the medium of which the print has been produced.

It is not very likely that such a secret can be very long retained; it will no doubt be soon universally known, and extensively acted upon. If as perfect as it may be—as we verily believe it will be—there is no knowing to what extensive changes in legislation it may conduce; for, if any printed or written document can be forged with so much ease and certainty as to defy detection, the consequences may be more appalling than we care to anticipate.

As regards the multiplication of engraving, however, we are very unwilling to admit that the results will be evil, or even injurious. A print must be produced before it can be copied. The productions of our own country are, of course, secured (publishers will find it necessary to adopt some signature or stamp, the forgery of which will be felony—a matter far more serious than "an injunction"); and it will become more than ever the interest of foreign states to pass those acts for mutual protection—international copyright—which it is disgraceful to the age to have been so long withheld.

Art Union.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo was, in one sense, the painter of the Old Testament, as his bold and aspiring genius arrived rather at delineating the events of warfare, passion, or suffering, chronicled in the records of the Jews, than the scenes of love, affection, and benevolence, depicted in the gospels. But his mind was not formed merely on the events recorded in antiquity: it is no world doubtful

of the immortality of the soul which he depicts. He is rather the personification in painting of the soul of Dante. His imagination was evidently fraught with the conceptions of the *Inferno*. The expression of mind beams forth in all his works. Vehement passion, stern resolve, undaunted valour, sainted devotion, infant innocence, alternately occupied his pencil. It is hard to say in which he was greatest. In all his works we see marks of the genius of antiquity meeting the might of modern times: the imagery of mythology blended with the aspirations of Christianity. We see it in the dome of St. Peter's, we see it in the statue of Moses. Grecian sculpture was the realization in form of the conceptions of Homer; Italian painting the representation on canvas of the revelations of the gospel, which Dante clothed in the garb of poetry. Future ages should ever strive to equal, but can never hope to excel them.

Never did artist work with more persevering vigour than Michael Angelo. He himself said that he laboured harder for fame, than ever poor artist did for bread. Born of a noble family, the heir to considerable possessions, he took to the arts from his earliest years from enthusiastic passion and conscious power. During a long life of ninety years, he prosecuted them with the ardent zeal of youth. He was consumed by the thirst for fame, the desire of great achievements, the invariable mark of heroic minds; and which, as it is altogether beyond the reach of the great bulk of mankind, so is the feeling of all others which to them is most incomprehensible. Nor was that noble enthusiasm without its reward. It was his extraordinary good fortune to be called to form, at the same time, the Last Judgment on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, the glorious dome of St. Peter's, and the group of Notre Dame de Pitié, which now adorns the chapel of the Crucifix, under the roof of that august edifice. The "Holy Family" in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, and the "Three Fates" in the same collection, give an idea of his powers in oil-painting: thus he carried to the highest perfection, at the same time, the rival arts of architecture, sculpture, fresco and oil painting.* He may truly be called the founder of Italian painting, as Homer was of the ancient epic, and Dante of the great style in modern poetry. None but a colossal mind could have done such things. Raphael took lessons from him in painting, and professed through life the most unbounded respect for his great preceptor. None have attempted to approach him in architecture; the cupola of St. Peter's stands alone in the world.

But notwithstanding all this, Michael Angelo had some defects. He created the great style in painting, a style which has made modern Italy as immortal as the arms of the legions did the ancient. But the very grandeur of his conceptions, the vigour of his drawing, his incomparable command of bone and muscle, his lofty expression and impassioned mind, made him neglect, and perhaps despise, the lesser details of his art. Ardent in the pursuit of expression, he often overlooked execution. When he painted the Last Judgment or the Fall of the Titans in fresco, on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel, he was incomparable; but that gigantic style was unsuitable for lesser pictures or rooms of ordinary proportions. By the study of his masterpieces, subsequent painters have often been led astray; they have aimed at force of expression to the neglect of delicacy in execution. This defect is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in Sir Joshua Reynolds, who worshipped Michael Angelo with the most devoted fervour; and through him it has descended to Lawrence, and nearly the whole modern school of England. When we see Sir Joshua's noble glass window in Magdalen College, Oxford, we behold the work of a worthy pupil of Michael Angelo: we see the great style of painting in its proper place, and applied to its appropriate object. But when we compare his portraits, or imaginary pieces in oil, with those of Titian, Velasquez, or Vandyke, the inferiority is manifest. It is not in the design but the finishing; not in the conception but the execution. The colours are frequently raw and harsh; the details or distant parts of the piece ill finished or neglected. The bold neglect of Michael Angelo is very apparent. Raphael, with less original genius than his immortal master, had more taste and much greater delicacy of pencil; his conceptions, less extensive and varied, are more perfect; his finishing is always exquisite. Unity of emotion was his great object in design; equal delicacy of finishing in execution. Thence he has attained by universal consent the highest place in painting.

"Nothing," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labour of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." These words should ever be present to the minds of all who aspire to rival the great of former days; who feel in their bosoms a spark of the spirit which led Michael Angelo to immortality. In a luxurious age, comfort of station is deemed the chief good of life; in a commercial community, money becomes the universal object of ambition. Thence our acknowledged deficiency in the fine arts. Talent looks for its reward too soon. Genius seeks an immediate recompense; long protracted exertions are never attempted; great things are not done, because great efforts are not made.

None will work now without the prospect of an immediate return. Very possibly it is so; but then let us not hope or wish for immortality. "Present time and future," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are rivals; he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other." It is not that we want genius, what we want is the great and heroic spirit which will devote itself, by strenuous efforts, to great things, without seeking any reward but their accomplishment.

Nor let it be said that great subjects for the painter's pencil, are not to be found—that they are exhausted by former efforts, and nothing remains to us but imitation. Nature is inexhaustible; the events of men are unceasing, their variety is endless. Philosophers were mourning the monotony of time, historians were deploring the sameness of events, in the years preceding the French Revolution—on the eve of the Reign of Terror, the flames of Moscow, the retreat from Russia. What was the strife around Troy to the battle of Leipzig?—the contests of Florence and Pisa, to the revolutionary war? What ancient naval victory to that of Trafalgar? Rely upon it, subjects for genius are not wanting; genius itself, steadily and perseveringly directed, is the thing required. But genius and energy alone are not sufficient; courage and disinterestedness are needed more than all. Courage to withstand the assaults of envy, to despise the ridicule of mediocrity—disinterestedness to trample under foot the seductions of ease, and disregard the attractions of opulence. An heroic mind is more wanted in the studio, than in the field. It is wealth and cowardice which extinguish the light of genius, and dig the grave of literature as of nations.

Blackwood.

* The finest design ever conceived by Michael Angelo was a cartoon representing warriors bathing, and some buckling on their armour at the sound of the trumpet, which summoned them to their standards in the war between Pisa and Florence. It perished, however, in the troubles of the latter city; but an engraved copy remains of part, which justifies the eulogiums bestowed upon it.

Sculpture.

BRONZE STATUARY.

From Munich, it is stated in the *Journal des Débats* that the head of a gigantic Statue of Bavaria, which is to be 68 feet high, was cast at the Royal Foundry on the 14th, in the presence of the king and queen, and a number of distinguished personages. The head has been modelled by the celebrated Schwanthaler; and the operation alluded to was hailed with the chanting, by a band of 300 musicians, of a hymn composed for the occasion, and the enthusiastic chorus of the surrounding spectators. Thus are public works honoured on the continent, and cheered by the pride of national boasts. A short time ago we witnessed the casting of a large portion of the equestrian group of the Duke of Wellington for the west end of London,—and a striking sight it was, though seen by only a few gentlemen and the workmen employed. The run from the furnace consisted of more than twenty tons of metal—the greatest quantity of brass (we are inclined to believe) that ever was molten together and so used in the world—and the effect was very extraordinary. The glowing stream, as it poured from the tap of the furnace along the channel prepared for it into the deep pits, was covered with vapours of unimaginable variety of colours and brilliancy; and above a canopy of dense cloud, reflecting and refracting the rays of light, was not the less grand from the knowledge that no living being could exist in that atmosphere for twenty seconds of time. The pits as they filled seemed masses of living fire; and when by ingenious machinery the plugs were removed to allow the liquid element to rush into the cast, the noise and blast, like the discharge of artillery, was perfectly awful. The means adopted to ensure success in this vast and most difficult trial of art appeared to be adequate to its accomplishment; but so overpowering is the imprisoned heat, that even weeks must elapse before the cases and buildings can be removed, and the certainty of triumph or failure ascertained—a nervous affair for an artist, it must be acknowledged, when we mention that the cost of the material and the receptacles of its fusion and formation (into about half a horse!) amounted to no less a sum than from 3500l to 3300l. We hope, and have reason to do so from external appearances, that all has gone well.

Literary Gazette.

WAR-OFFICE, Jan. 3.—5th Regt. Ft. : Ens. G. S. Home, from the 55th Ft. to be Sec.-Lt. v. Shipley, who ex. 25th Ft. : Lt. C. J. S. Wallace, from the 26th Ft. to be Lt. v. Roberts, who ex. 25th Ft. : Lt. B. M. Roberts from the 26th Ft. to be Lt. v. C. J. S. Wallace, who ex. 38th Ft. : Lt. T. Southall to be Capt. without pur. v. R. Woodhouse, who rts. upon full pay; Ens. E. T. Gloster to be Lt. without pur. v. Southall; Gent. Cadet C. E. T. Daniell, from the Royal Mil. Col. to be Ens. without pur. v. Gloster. 47th Ft. : Lt. R. T. Farren to be Capt. without pur. v. Vernon, dec.; Ens. J. H. Lowndes to be Lt. without pur. v. Farren; Sergt-Major S. Pilkington to be Ens. without pur. v. Lowndes. 55th Ft. : Sec.-Lt. R. Y. Shipley, from the 5th Ft. to be Ens. v. Home, who ex. 1st W. I. Regt. : Ens. G. Allan to be Lt. without pur. v. Wieburg, who resigns; Company Sergt-Major H. Jones to be Ens. v. Allan. Cape Mounted Riflemen : J. F. Boyes, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. W. Fraser, cashiered by the sentence of a General Court Martial. Hospital Staff : G. A. F. Shelton, M. B. to be Assist-Surg to the Forces, v. Brown deceased. Unattached : Brevet-Major J. De Lacy, from 36th Ft. to be Major without pur.

Memorandum.—The Christian names of Sec.-Lt. Deare, of the 21st Ft. are Philip Charles.

Jan. 10.—Ryl. Regt. Horse Gds : Lord O. A. Fitzgerald to be Cornet, by pur. v. G. East, who rts. 5th Drag. Gds. : G. Fisher, Gent. to be Veterinary Surg. v. J. Constant, who rts. upon half-pay. 17th Light Drags. : Lt. A. Hamilton to be Capt. by pur. v. Palmer who rts.; Cornet E. C. A. Haworth to be Lt. by pur. v. Hamilton; J. C. W. Russell, Gent. to be Cornet by pur. v. Haworth. 87th Ft. : Sec.-Lt. A. H. Cobbe to be First Lt. by pur. v. Willington who rts.; H. S. Bawtree, Gent. to be Sec.-Lt. by pur. v. Cobbe.

Memorandum.—The Christian names of Ensign Kingsley, of the 21st Foot, are Edward William Pincke.

WAR-OFFICE, Jan. 17.—2d Regt. of Life Gds : Vet. Surg. J. Wilkinson, from 17h Light Drags to be Vet. Surg. v. J. Home, who rts. upon h.-p.—12th Light Drags. : Capt. M. Clerk, from 19th Ft. to be Capt. v. Forester, who exchs.—17th Light Drags. : E. R. Dodwell, Gent. to be Cor. by pur. v. Blathwayt, app. to the 23d Ft.—22d Ft. : Gent. Cadet F. W. T. Caulfield, from the Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Ens. without pur. v. Weld, dec.—23d Ft. : Lieut. F. A. D. Roebuck, to be Capt. by pur. v. Campbell, who rts.; Sec. Lieut. G. Philipps to be First Lieut. by pur. v. Roebuck; Cornet J. F. Blathwayt, from 17th Light Drags to be Sec. Lieut. by pur. v. Philipps.—48th Ft. : Ens. A. A. Chapman, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Fullerton, who rts.; C. Sykes, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Chapman.—16th Ft. : Lieut. P. Bolton, from 3d W. I. Regt. to be Lieut. v. Kirk, app. Paymaster.—19th Ft. : Capt. the Hon. C. R. W. Forester, from 12th Light Drags. to be Capt. v. Clerk, who exchs.—50th Ft. : Lieut. J. J. Enock, to be Capt. without pur. v. James, dec.; Ens. J. C. Bishop, to be Lt. without pur. v. Enoch; Gent. Cadet H. Nangle, from the Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Ens. without pur. v. Bishop.—64th Ft. : Ens. I. T. Twining, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Horrocks, who rts.; J. A. Reed, Gentleman, to be Ens. by pur. v. Twining.—68th Ft. : Lieut. W. H. H. Carmichael to be Adj. v. Cross, who res. the Adjutancy only.—75th Ft. : Capt. P. Delancy to be Major, by pur. v. Hall, who retires; Lieut. G. T. George, to be Capt. by pur. v. Delancy; Ens. H. Nelthorpe, to be Lieut. by pur. v. George; J. G. Fox, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Nelthorpe.—89th Ft. : Ens. D. D. Moter to be Lieut. by pur. v. Mytton, who retires; B. D. Moore, Gent. to be Ensign, by pur. v. Muter.—92d Ft. : Ens. W. A. Moncrieff to be Lieut. by pur. v. Nicoll, who retires; R. Bethune, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Moncrieff.—98th Ft. : Lieut. E. Haythorne to be Capt. without pur. v. Gordon, dec.; Ens. M. Batt to be Lieut. without pur. v. Haythorne; Gent. Cadet W. O. Rose, from the Royal Mil. Col. to be Ens. v. Batt.

1st West India Regt.—G. Phelan, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Rose, who res. Hospital Staff.—Surg. A. Shanks, M.D. from the 55th Foot, to be Staff Surg. of the First Class, v. Kennis, prom; Surg. J. M. McDonald, from the 1st West India Regt. to be Staff-Surg. of the Sec.-Class, v. Ferguson, who ret. upon h.-p. Commissariat.—Deputy Commissary-Gen. T. Carey to be a Commissary Gen., Assist. Commissary-Gen. W. R. Eppes, and Assist.-Commissary-Gen. H. Bowers, to be Deputy Commissaries-Gen. To be Assist.-Commissaries Gen.—Deputy-Assist.-Commissaries-Gen. J. W. Wybault, R. Inglis, J. W. Smith, J. De Smidt, T. J. Lempriere, and J. J. Smith. To be Deputy-Assistants-Commissaries-Gen.—Commissariat-Clerks, A. Sulway, J. T. Comper, J. B. Price, J. C. R. Wood, J. B. Lundy, R. Baker, W. Hewitson, C. H. Shell, W. R. Cooper, H. J. Macaulay, H. Connell, and W. J. T. Power. The commissions of the above named officers to bear date the 24th Dec. 1844.

Memorandum.—The Christian names of Sec.-Lt. Dawkins, appointed to the 60th Foot, are Clinton Francis Berens, and not Bewes, as previously stated.

WAR-OFFICE, Jan. 24.—3rd Light Drags.—Lieut. G. Forbes to be Capt. by pur. v. Jones, who ret.; Cornet H. C. Morgan to be Lt. by pur. v. Forbes; W. H. Orme, Gent. to be Cornet, by pur. v. Morgan. 9th Light Drags.—Cornet W. C. Kortwright to be Lt. by pur. v. Turner, who retires; W. F. Richards, Gent. to be Cornet, by pur. v. Kortwright. 22nd Foot.—Lt. W. D. Hilton, who was cashiered in the Gazette of the 23d July 1844, has been restored to the service. 32nd Foot.—Lt. G. Vavasour, from 60th Foot, to be Lt. v. Griffin, prom. 42nd Foot.—Lt. T. R. D. Hay to be Adj. v. Campbell, prom. 55th Foot.—Asst-Surg. G. Martin, M.D. from 73d Foot, to be Surg. v. Shanks, prom on the Staff. 66th Foot.—Lt. G. A. Taylor to be Capt. by pur. v. Caldwell, who rts.; Ens. H. U. Coates to be Lt. by pur. v. Taylor; J. C. Hawkes, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Coates. 98th Foot.—Ens. O. Latouche to be Lt. by pur. v. Viset Suidale, who ret.; Ens. R. Reid to be Lt. by pur. v. Hussey, who ret.; F. A. Hardy, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Latouche; Gent. Cadet W. Croker from the Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Ens. by pur. v. Reid.

3d West India Regt.—Lieut. W. D. Hilton, from 22d Foot, to be Lieut. vice Tench, dec.; Ensign M. Smith to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Hilton, who retires; J. O. Flanagan, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Smith.

Unattached.—Lieut. W. Ready (Staff-Lieut. and Adj. of the Invalid Depot at Chatham), to be Capt. without purchase.

Staff.—Lieut. G. Rane, from 49th Foot, to be Staff-Lieut. and Adj. of the Invalid Depot, at Chatham, vice Ready, promoted.

Memorandum.—the names of the Lieut. of the 8th Foot, promoted on 19th Nov 1844, are John Henry Robert De Robeck, and not John Heery Edward Robeck, as stated in the Gazette of that date.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Jan. 22.—Royal Artillery.—Capt. and Brevet Major R. B. Rawnsley to be Lieut.-Col. vice W. E. Jackson, retired on half-pay; Second Capt. H. G. Teesdale to be Capt. vice Rawnsley; First Lieut. W. F. Crofton to be Second Capt. vice Teesdale; Second Lieut. J. F. L. Baddeley to be first Lieut. vice W. F. Crofton; First Lieut. H. E. Morrill to be Sec. Capt. vice Luard, retired on half-pay; Second Lieut. J. A. Norie to be First Lieut. vice Morrill; Second Lieut. G. L. Chandler to be First Lieut. vice R. M. Fyers, retired on full pay.

WAR-OFFICE, Jan. 31.—1st Drags: Lieut. Sir C. W. C. Burton, Bart. from 44th Ft. to be Lieut. v. Noake, who exchs.—12th Ft. : Gent. Cadet A. De Vere Viset Malden, from the Royal Mil. Col. to be Ens. without pur. v. Stewart, who res.—15th Ft. : Gent. Cadet E. Y. Peel, from the Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Ens. without pur. v. Stuart, who res.—18th Ft. : Capt. C. W. D. Staveley, from 37th Ft. to be Capt. v. Murray, who exchs.—33d Ft. : Lieut. E. Winnington to be Capt. by pur. v. Knight, who rts.; Ens. H. D. Ellis to be Lieut. by pur. v. Winnington; F. Bennett, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Ellis.—35th Ft. : Lieut. W. Shearman, from 91st Ft. to be Paymaster, v. Holmes, app. to the 15th Light Drags.—36th Ft. : Capt. G. C. Calcott, from h.-p. 7th Ft. to be Capt. v. De Lacy, prom; Lieut. W. W. Abbott to be Capt. by pur. v. Calcott, who retires; Ens. W. R. Rainsford to be Lieut. by pur. v. Abbott; G. L. R. Berkeley, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Rainsford.—44th Ft. : Lieut. R. C. Noake, from the 1st Drags to be Lieut. v. Sir C. Burton, who exchs.—49th Ft. : Lieut. W. Ogilvy, from the 85th Ft. to be Lieut. v. Rand, app. to the Staff at Chatham.—71st Ft. : Ens. A. A. Brice, to be Lieut. without pur. v. Mackenzie, dec.; Sergt-Major R. Harkness, to be Ensign, v. Brice.—73d Ft. : W. P. Hodgson, M.D. to be Assist-Surg. v. Martin, prom in 55th Ft.—87th Ft. : Capt. A. Murray, from the 18h Ft. to be Capt. v. Staveley, who ex.—Rifle Brigade : Capt. W. H. Phipps, from h.-p. Unattached, to be Capt. v. E. H. Glegg, who ex.; Capt. W. Elliot, from h.-p. Unattached, to be Capt. v. W. H. Phipps, who ex.; Lt. E. A. Somerset to be Capt. by pur. v. Elliot, who ret.; Second Lieut. A. A. Cartwright to be First Lt. by pur. v. Somerset; Stephen Lord Kilworth to be Second Lieut. by pur. v. Cartwright.—1st West India Regt : Surg. J. E. Stewart, from h.-p. 84th Foot, to be Surg. v. McDonald, app. to the Staff.—Brevet : Capt. G. B. Calcott, of the 36th Foot, to be Maj. in the Army.—Hospital Staff : H. Huish, M.D. to be Asst-Surg. to the Forces, v. Townsend.—Memorandum : The Christian names of Ens. Morant, of the 68th Regt. are Horatio Harbord. The Christian names of Lieut. De Robeck, of the 8th Ft. are John Henry Edward.—Admiralty, Jan. 29 : Corps of Royal Marines.—Gent. Cadet H. S. Baynes to be Second Lt.

IMPURITY OF BLOOD CAUSES PAIN, and occasions disease upon that part of the body which from any cause may be weakest. Thus, in persons whose blood is impure, should they have a cold, the impure matter would settle upon their lungs, and Consumption be the trouble; so with other affections. All trouble is saved by using the **BRANDRETH PILLS**, which cannot injure, and which cannot be overdone. Only use them in the commencement of any disease, use them in full doses and you will be up and well, while those who are too wise to take such a simple medicine, are bed-ridden, or prematurely and their days. The Brandreth Pills are only beginning to be appreciated; they are found to never deceive; they are the only internal medicine required in this climate.

Be careful of pretended universal purgatives, which cannot be used without injury to the body, as Brandreth's can. What are they? Are they not imitations of the Brandreth Pills recommended in advertisements stolen from Dr. Brandreth? Were they not originally counterfeit Pills, purporting to be the genuine Brandreth Pills? But in consequence of the new labels on the Brandreth Pill boxes are they not obliged to come out under colours equally false? Observe the makers and travelling agents. Are they not men whom Dr. Brandreth hath cast off, not for good conduct truly? Is not this true as applicable to the pretended "Indian," and, in fact, to nearly all the advertised Pills of the day? Shall the people trust their lives in the hands of these unprincipled men? surely not.

The Brandreth Pills give strength for weakness,—they are liked best by those who have taken the most of them. Dr. Brandreth can give personal reference to thousands who have been restored from a bed of sickness by their use, when every other means had proved entirely unavailing.—These cases are continually occurring in this city, and in every part of the Union. Get Brandreth's Pills if you are not perfectly healthy, and they will restore you—if medicine can do it—because they expel those humors which are the cause of the impurity of the blood, and at the same time the body is strengthened by the operation of this most excellent medicine.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, N.Y., with English, French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese directions, and by one Agent in every place of importance throughout the world, each Agent having a certificate of agency from Dr. Brandreth, having fac-similes of labels on the Brandreth Pill boxes engraved thereon.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—THIRD SEASON.—1844-45.

THE GOVERNMENT of the above Society begs leave to announce to the Subscribers, that the **THIRD CONCERT** of the Season will take place at the Apollo Rooms on Saturday, March 1st, 1845. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Subscribers can obtain the extra Tickets to which they are entitled by applying to Messrs. Scharfeneberg & Luis, 361 Broadway, near Franklin Street.

F23-3t.

By order WM. SCHARFENBERG, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.